

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

March, 1951

Citizen Defence

► DURING RECENT MONTHS there has been some awakening of public interest in Canada in problems of civil defence. There are many possible reasons for this. Our neighbors in the United States, especially our next-door neighbors in New York State, have for some time been showing a lively concern: the Canadian Ministry of Defence, at present the federal department responsible for civil defence co-ordination, has issued a pamphlet to public authorities, including municipalities, which deals briefly with some of the more obvious features of a civil defence program. Various provinces and some of the municipalities have reached the point in their several discussions where some decisions must be made; the welfare authorities, public and private, have been stirred into placing the question on the agenda paper for some of their discussions. The sum total of these semi-private discussions is neither encouraging nor reassuring. The public is confused for want of instruction and authoritative information. The various public authorities are apparently uncertain which pieces of the complex problem are their responsibility, who is going to pay for anything that may be done, or even whether it is very important to do anything at all.

This situation raises a first principle of civil defence, that to be effective it must be based on a clearly recognized

(Continued on page 270)

Domestic Crisis

► ON FEBRUARY 2 the Prime Minister gave notice of legislation to give the government sweeping powers over the national economy. Officials immediately intimated to the press that only standby power was envisaged; that it would not be used until matters become more critical. The Prime Minister's notice of motion used the qualifying phrase "by reason of the existing international situation."

It was also on February 2 that the Bureau of Statistics announced that the cost-of-living index had risen during December from 171.1 to 172.5. This brings out the great gap between official thinking and actual experience. The government feels that if things get much worse price controls will have to be imposed. The citizen, not much comforted by the reflection that things probably will get much worse very soon, knows that the crisis is on us now. The government is under the impression that any dislocations which

may call for control are directly connected with the international situation. In fact, the rise in prices began well before the defence program.



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The Speech from the Throne at the beginning of the present session summed up the official's-eye view of our economic situation: "The high level of employment and production within our country give our people increased capacity to meet the demands of national and international security." Self-assurance like this is frightening in its simple-minded reliance on selected statistics. We have high employment, we have record production. But the ordinary Canadian, secure and productive in his job though he is, is not making ends meet. He is living beyond his means and he is not living well.

The delusion of the government seems to be that the present level of prices can be dealt with by the textbook method of "siphoning off excess purchasing power" through taxation which will also pay for more defence production. The fact is that most citizens have not a cent to give in excess purchasing power, and will not have unless steps are taken now to roll prices back; or alternatively to freeze them at their present level and allow wages and salaries to catch up.

The cry of those Conservatives who would have control without the natural consequences to corporate profits, that we must have price and wage controls, is specious. But it at least helps us to see precisely why prices, not wages, need the special and admittedly unattractive treatment of control by administrative order. Wages are in fact controlled: controlled by the processes of collective bargaining, by contracts, by the supplementary machinery provided by government, and by the natural resistance of management. There is no collective bargaining over prices. Consumer resistance cannot be effective when the commodity involved is milk or shoes or a roof. The consumer has no effective control over prices except through his government, and the government is therefore bound to act on his behalf.

Instead, the government is choosing this moment of history to drop rent controls (fortunately they are being picked up by a few of the provinces). Further, the govern-

ment's housing-loan corporation has raised the minimum down payment on a five-room house by \$1,000. Thus houses are placed even further out of the reach of a great many citizens who will presumably spend their money in less productive and more inflationary ways. These, together with the expected increase in income tax, are the government's contributions to meeting this alarming economic crisis.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 6, No. 66, March, 1926, *The Canadian Forum*.

MAMMONART, by Upton Sinclair (Sinclair, Pasadena; pp. 390; \$1.00).

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION, by Leon Trotsky (Allen & Unwin; pp. 256; 8/6).

Literature is often written by rebels, but it is usually criticized by conservatives. It is a pleasant change to find two books of literary criticism written by revolutionaries, and one finds that these two have much in common. Both Upton Sinclair and Leon Trotsky have already made their mark as critics of life and politics; although one calls himself a realist, both are idealists; both are Puritans; both make war on bourgeois art, on the Art for Art's Sakers, on the decadents, on the mystics; both look forward to an art that will not be an art of class, but of people, to a culture that will be "truly human."

But naturally there are differences. There is a significant difference in the appearance of the books themselves; the one by the successful revolutionary is nicely bound and printed by an eminent English publisher, and costs the Canadian reader \$2.50, while the book from the pen of the revolutionary who has not yet "arrived" is printed on cheap paper at his own press, and is sold in a paper cover for one dollar. There is a difference in the texture of thought which reflects a fundamental difference of character. One of these critics has shocked the world with a million pamphlets; the other with a million bayonets . . .

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Alan Creighton - Corresponding Editor

L. A. Morris - Business Manager

Editorial Board: C. R. Feilding, Edith Fowke, Helen Frye, Northrop Frye, Donald Gardner, C. A. Granick, Felix Lazarus, Kay Morris, John Nicol, Allan Sangster, Milton Wilson.

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The Dilemma of the West

The seriousness of the dilemma confronted by the western powers with the intervention of Communist China in Korea has presented democratic statesmanship and diplomacy with a peacetime test as stiff as any faced since Munich. Is Communist China an essentially hostile power committed to aggressive activity with whom no accommodation is really possible or is it at the present moment seeking limited and possibly justifiable ends until now denied by western diplomacy? If the former is true should stern action be taken or should the West avoid the serious weakening of material strength that would result from retaliation on moral grounds? Would UN action against China encourage Asian resistance to communism or would it turn the Far East against a Western World that would appear militant and aggressive?

These questions have evoked conflicting answers in the non-communist world. American policy reflecting rising anti-Chinese sentiment at home has clung to the black and white approach that aggression is aggression, that communists are communists and that lack of firmness is dangerous appeasement. India and other Asian nations hold that China's action, based upon a desire for Formosa and UN membership, is justifiable. If the act of aggression could be overlooked a peaceful settlement in the Far East could be achieved. Great Britain and Canada are not so sure of this but they are fully alive to the dangers of a war against China which might well mean World War III. These differences have seriously weakened western unity. A rift between India and the States has developed which could have serious consequences.

Yet surely an approach to the Far East can be found that would permit long-term agreement and not only a series of ad hoc compromises in each succeeding crisis. The object is to prevent the spreading of communism in Asia. Policy statements from all western powers have agreed that this cannot be won by military means alone, that an emphasis upon strategy and force would be disastrous. A sensible policy must be based upon a knowledge of the economic and social needs of Asia and its psychological and moral mood. Is the strategic value of Formosa worth the loss of faith in the West that it entails? The effectiveness of arms depends upon those who use them. Are reactionary governments in Asia to be so trusted? Militarism and conservatism in Asia are the West's real enemies. A progressive policy is at worst risky. A Maginot Line cannot be established in Asia, but it is possible that the western powers, by pursuing an Asian policy which recognizes the legitimate aspirations of the Far East, can develop a climate of understanding and friendship with those Asian countries which have not yet succumbed to communist authority.

South-East Asia

"Freedom and independence for all the nations of Asia must be encouraged and supported if there is to be any hope of peace and security in our generation. . . . There is much we can do through technical assistance, capital development and increased trade and commerce to help the nations of Asia to overcome the handicaps of widespread individual poverty. But in showing our willingness to do so, it will have to be clear that what is intended is genuine and friendly help, not a new form of economic imperialism to replace the old

political imperialism." These welcome passages culled from two of Mr. St. Laurent's recent speeches must of course be considered in their context where the "real struggle" is described with all the usual over-simplification as one between "liberty and tyranny" and the rest. But Mr. St. Laurent knows and says publicly that the Asian nations are struggling under a load of poverty with stifled longings that Moscow is always ready to pervert. He does not in our opinion yet show sufficient evidence that the government is going to act vigorously on this knowledge, to offer these nations some access to the means of production of that food the lack of which leaves them impervious to our blandishments of freedom and democracy.

Our remoteness, combined with our wretched press services, makes it very hard for the ordinary citizen to grasp the elements of this aspect of the problem. In addition to the "two sides" said to be engaged in a war (hot or cold), it is essential to remember a third group of people still larger than either "side." The great mass of Asians reaching from India round the coast and including the Philippine and Japanese Islands number nearly six hundred million people. If, for our present purposes, we add to them the peoples of Africa, we have to consider practically a third of the whole human race. These people for the most part and of their own volition are not on any "side" in the present struggle. Their one common characteristic is poverty, along with a sufficient glimpse of our standard of living to rouse them to action in search of it. This is the dynamic of Asian communism. The West, and North Americans in particular, seems never to understand this. We offer them "freedom"; but, as Mr. Nehru observes, "in backward areas where people are hungry, they do not care about freedom of the individual but about food and clothing." To such people the delusions offered by Moscow will always claim allegiance before the eighteenth-century clichés offered by America.

Concentration on economic assistance does not mean that we should ignore military security. An offer of economic help from an insecure giver would lack conviction indeed. In the same way, a purely military policy (such as that proposed by Walter Lippmann) is sterile and destructive, serving only the interests of the Moscow propagandists. Unless we can identify ourselves with the nationalist aims and economic aspirations of the Asian peoples still outside the Moscow orbit, and aid in stamping out the last vestiges of Western imperialism and race prejudice, we do not stand a chance of enlisting them for peace. Mr. St. Laurent seems at times to be on the verge of publicly recognizing this; indeed he may well have done so in some utterance unknown to us. But we shall know better what the government is really up to when we see the extent of its willingness to become involved in the Colombo plan which would be a long step in the direction we are indicating. We entirely agree with Mr. Senanayake, Prime Minister of Ceylon, that the results of such a program would make for peace, in fact we cannot envisage peace without it. "What the nations of South-East Asia need first of all," says Mr. Senanayake, "are conditions which will make it possible for them to reconstruct their political, social and economic structure largely by their own efforts. A world at peace is therefore her first and foremost need, the world's good-will next, and then some timely and appropriate assistance, if it can get it."

Toryism

The latest book on English Conservatism is a collection of extracts from Conservative thinkers and writers from Burke to Quintin Hogg, entitled *The Conservative Tradition*, edited by Mr. R. J. White of Cambridge, and published by Nicholas Kaye.

The first paragraph of Mr. White's introduction is as follows: "To put up Conservatism in a bottle with a label is like trying to liquify the atmosphere or to give an accurate description of the beliefs of a member of the Anglican Church. The difficulty arises from the nature of the thing. For Conservatism is less a political doctrine than a habit of mind, a mode of feeling, a way of living. And the human content of the party is no less amorphous than the so-called 'creed.' The party is, in fact, the perfect secular analogy of its great historical ally, the Church of England. It contains not only the convinced and the converted who think they know what they believe. It contains also that vast residue of politics which would be hard put to it to describe itself as anything at all—the political equivalent of the millions who go down in the Army Records under 'Religion' as 'C. of E.' Snobs, idlers, millionaires, craftsmen, landladies, colour-sergeants, milliners, jockeys, innkeepers, academicians, men of genius as distinct from men of talent, anyone and everyone who thinks poetry, money-making, love and sport more important than politics; in fact anyone with anything to lose, if it is only the opportunity to be idle—these are the Conservatives. It has also tended to be the party of the poor, as distinct from the working class."

Where would the Hon. George Drew be put in this list? After puzzling for hours about this problem, we have decided that he would have to be classified under "men of genius." He doesn't seem quite to fit in any of the other categories.

"As Solid as the Union Nationale"

Unfortunately, Duplessis' Union Nationale is probably a great deal more solid than the bridge that carried his name at Three Rivers. It is unlikely that its collapse will seriously affect the political fortunes of the Premier. His support in rural Quebec may even be solidified as a defence against "subversive" attacks upon him and his bridge.

Nevertheless it is worth commenting on Duplessis' reaction to the tragedy. Somewhat like the Yugoslav Communists several years ago, who declared Michailovitch guilty of unspeakable crimes and then tried him, Duplessis immediately saw the hand of the saboteur but promised that there would be a government investigation. For a lawyer Duplessis is singularly wanting in logic. The use of evidence to determine guilt has no meaning for him. Furthermore, we believe that a tragedy of this kind calls for a judicial investigation, uninfluenced by political considerations. Mr. Duplessis should apply his legally trained mind and say exactly what he means by "government investigation." From the fact that no public call was made for bids on the construction of this bridge, it would seem that an investigation of, rather than by, the Union Nationale government would be in the greatest public interest.

Volume XXX Index

The index for Volume XXX, April 1950 to March 1951, is being sent to all library subscribers this month. Other subscribers may obtain a copy by sending us a postcard. There is no charge.

Letter from London

Stella Harrison

► THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS are a mixed bunch—mythological like January and June, historical like July and August, numerical like October and November. Most had lost their meaning long before the year was made to start in January instead of March, rendering the last four of them positively misleading. The months, like people, began in time to acquire surnames for help in identification, which was doubtless how February fill-dyke came to be so-called. Over the centuries, the justification of the epithet has been remarkably constant.

Today the ditches are filled and brimming over. The rain it raineth every day, with a heigh-ho, the wind and the rain. Hundreds of people within twenty miles of Charing Cross spent the night watching anxiously from upstairs windows while the flood waters poured past sandbag barriers and crept inexorably up the walls of the lower rooms. In the frosty morning, they stood in waders to swallow their breakfast before being ferried three hundred yards in a rowing boat toward their day's work.

The floods are not yet so grave as those of four years ago and the intervening years were relatively much drier. However, the records show that in the sixty-five years 1883 to 1947 there were only fifteen when the Thames did not rise above flood level and stay above it long enough to constitute a flood. It is a danger that is admittedly always with us, a menace to health and productivity that ought not to be tolerable in a welfare state. If it remains with us, it is in the main because the cost of works capable of controlling the peak flow of the Thames would be, to quote the experts, prohibitive. A forbidding word, that merits closer examination.

When is expense "prohibitive"? Does the term describe the sum of money involved or does it refer to the purpose of the expenditure? To control the Thames floods by a system of reservoirs would cost about £78 millions. The price of the rearmament program was raised a short while back from £3,600 millions to £4,500 millions. The Thames Valley and the London area are not alone in crying out for vast drainage and embankment works. In many other regions from the industrial north to the agricultural south-west work is slowed down by preventable floods, while the influenza epidemic spreads.

February is living up (or down) to its reputation as the sodden, sullen month everyone wants to see the end of. The ancients must have got so sick of it that probably that is why they made it days shorter than any of the others, and who could blame them? One result of the concentration of February into twenty-eight days is that I am writing this letter earlier in the month than usual—before instead of after the Commons vote on steel nationalization on the 7th.

This will be the fourth major debate on the subject forced by the Opposition since the Government was returned to power in elections which ratified the previous parliament's decision to nationalize. Last March an amendment to the Address in reply to the King's Speech was defeated by a margin of fourteen votes. In September, a motion of censure was thrown out by a margin of six. As recently as November, an amendment to the Address was again lost by ten votes. The people have spoken with the voice of parliament repeatedly and unequivocally.

The only new fact in the situation is its February-ness. With the influenza epidemic adding to the casualties, many

more members on the Government side are sick than last year, when several who were dangerously ill struggled to the House to confound the opportunist tactics of the Opposition. One might be forgiven for imagining that the martyrdom of Cripps, acknowledged architect of our unparalleled recovery, would have shamed decent men into better behavior. That they pursue their tactics, in an attempt to snatch an undemocratic victory, reveals the depth of their apprehension at the threat to their principles or their pockets.

A favorite argument of the Opposition is that the steel industry never needed to be nationalized because it was prosperous in private hands. The suggestion today is that the industry has gone on doing well in the last year or two because nationalization has not been carried out. Labor members of parliament for steel constituencies have reason to believe that the industry has gone on doing well because the men have been reassured that nationalization *will* be carried out. Whichever side you may think right, it does not really affect the prosperity argument. For it has never been satisfactorily explained why the state may pardonably take over a derelict industry, handsomely compensating competent and incompetent owners alike, and thereafter receive all the kicks; but may not take over an industry which is making profits and proceed to apply those profits to reducing the taxpayers' burden.

Tomorrow's motion specifically criticizes the completion of steel nationalization *at this time*. This is precisely the time when rearmament involves maximum government spending in the steel industry. Already prosperous, expanding business can hardly do otherwise than send its profits soaring. It is difficult to see what is so immoral in the idea

that the profits from rearmament should be the people's and used to offset some of the millions they will have to find for rearmament. Is it really a principle that is at stake?

Whether the Opposition sincerely believes that nationalization would betray the country or just the owners—who perhaps assumed, in supporting rearmament, that it would mean bigger profits—is outside the scope of tomorrow's motion. This last ditch stand, a week before Vesting Date, can scarcely offer a better opportunity than the previous occasions, in this parliament and the last, for a restatement of principles. What it could do, if successful, would be to defer the Vesting Date and return the industry to the state of uncertainty which the Opposition alleges impeded expansion.

If it fails, it will leave the way clear for vesting and for the industry to start proving forthwith that nationalization is not disastrous. That, of course, is what the Conservatives are really afraid of. The Government will be exposed to the next thrust below the belt the very next day, stronger for having staked its existence on the honoring of the election pledge. Above all, once vesting takes place, the Opposition's whispering campaign in favor of a coalition will have to be halted. The country is getting tired of hints at derationing the sweets of office. It will be glad to know that ballot papers remain the only valid coupons.

London, England, February 6, 1951.

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Notes on Paris

Michael Shenstone

▶ LIKE LONDON, Paris appears to be trying not to think about it. Naturally, Korea usually occupies the biggest headlines in the newspapers; and French troops have been in action there. But the French are not interested in Korea, or somehow give the impression of wishing they weren't. There is not very much of the motherly sort of article about "Life with Our Troops in Korea," that has been so common in English and still more in American papers. Just as American communiqués and reports always talk, a little self-consciously, about "U.N. troops did this" or "U.N. planes did this," so in France it is always American—"avions américains," "nouveau repli américain" . . . The choice of words is partly unconscious.

Of course, the French know quite well the significance to them of events in Korea, but they don't like to go through the unpleasant process of putting it into words. There is no excitement, no panic, no grim resolve, no clear voice of the people calling in any particular direction; only a slightly despairing shrug. That, and more prosaically, the price of gold is rising. There is a word, "neutralisme," which is sifting like a soft gray cloud over the French political scene. Some papers, like the little left-wing non-Communist weekly *L'Observateur*, use it outright; others, like the moderate, powerful (and excellent) evening daily, *Le Monde*, play with the concept, and hint at it, and let it drift into their news columns and editorials, but never say it in so many words. You somehow sense it everywhere. There is a note of special pleading which creeps into the speeches of Moch, the Socialist minister of defence, or of Pleven, the prime minister, when they advocate the official policies of rearmament and close continuing alliance with the other Western powers. They talk like men who know they have a lot of convincing to do. None of the non-Communist parties disagrees with them outwardly on these points; but one has the feeling that behind some party façades—behind personal façades even—resolve is weakening. Not that one can expect the French to become publicly "neutraliste," but many are becoming inwardly so.

Meanwhile French minds, at least as you see them in the press, try to focus on other things, in no way helpful to French self-esteem, but aside from the main theme. There is a gentle laugh at the English adventures with the Stone of Scone; there is now and then hollow optimism about the fighting in Indo-China, or else quiet reporting of the facts with eloquent absence of comment; there is considerable discussion of the unflattering things suddenly revealed about French rule in Morocco (of which they have long been proud) by the recent troubles there; there are the usual parliamentary rumors—whether, for example, Bidault's rumored ambition to be the last prime minister of this legislature will soon end Pleven's turn in office; and there is a good deal about the proposed new electoral law for this year's general elections. Yet here too no Frenchman could have pride in his country's doings; for the sole object of the new law—an object which is openly admitted—is to rig the electoral system against the Communists.

Here we come back to the central theme of French thought at the moment—their divided country, pitifully divided. Who can blame them if non-Communists who love France seek some third way out of the dilemma that

confronts Europe? Some hopes have been raised by the recent fall in circulation of *L'Humanité*, a fall which was observable even to a foreigner like myself, remembering the numbers which used to carry the paper about last summer. But the change is not significant. Even though the last two columns may be inaccurate, the following table is a more eloquent comment on France's past and present than many words:

	General Election Nov. 1946	Parliamentary Election Oct. 1947	General Election March 1948	Parliamentary Election June 1948	Parliamentary Election Nov. 1948
Communists	28.6%	29%	23.5%	32%	27.3%
Socialists	17.9	18	16.8	14	13.4
Radicals & RGR	12.4	9	13.7	12	13
MRP (Chr. Democrats)	26.4	9	8.1	17	15.7
Other moderates	13.1	4	12.5	9	15.7
RPF (de Gaulle)	1.0	32	25.4	16	14.9

And finally, one more table to throw light on the last one:

RETAIL PRICES

	1 lb. Leaf	1 c. Milk	1 doz. Eggs	1 lb. Potatoes	1 lb. Flour	1 lb. Butter	1 lb. Cheese	1 lb. Sugar
France	7½d	10½d	5s 1d	1½d	1s 1d	6s 6d	4s 0½d	1s 0d
Britain	6½d	10d	5s 6d	1½d	9½d	2s 0d	1s 2d	5d

	1 lb. Bacon	1 lb. Coffee	1 lb. Tea	1 lb. Cooking Fat	1 lb. Lard	1 pt. Beer	20 Cigarettes	1 bottle Whisky
France	6s 1½d	6s 1½d	10s 2½d	2s 6½d	5s 1d	6d	1s 3d	1s 0d
Britain	2s 6d	3s 6d	3s 6d	1s 0d	2s 8d	1s 1d	3s 6d	5s 6d

(It must be remembered that average wages in France are 76 per cent of those in Britain, but rents are generally much lower in France.)

CITIZEN DEFENCE—continued

responsibility of civilians to be responsible for their own protection. What is required is a framework within which the citizen can efficiently contribute his time, his particular knowledge and skills to the efforts of his neighbors in an orderly system of self-protection. In order to make that contribution, the citizen needs a cool and authoritative assessment of the risks he may be called upon to face, and a clear explanation of the means and methods which have been devised to overcome those hazards. Widespread knowledge, accurate information, and a simple form of community organization through which the citizen can himself do something he knows is likely to be effective—these are some of the means by which the apprehension of the unknown and the frustration of the undone can be taken out of the civilian picture of what an attack may mean to him.

It is therefore important that civil defence should not be kept under wraps but that a clear and intelligible assessment of the possible risks and the methods and means of self-protection should be available. Making this information available will require the use of all the modern techniques of adult education, and modern exposition. It is one thing to draft careful instructions for those who know the precise weight to give to "may" as distinct from "must," or the relative importance of "necessary" as opposed to "desirable." It is quite another thing to ensure that John Q. Citizen understands what is meant, especially if his understanding has been pre-conditioned by flaring headlines and inflammatory pictorial matter in the press. Knowledge is the

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enemy of confusion, and one major aim of any attack on civilians is to confuse and disturb them.

The framework of operations within which the citizen can operate is a responsibility of government. Since civil defence must involve every phase of civilian life the framework must inevitably appear to be complex. It will be no more complex than the ordinary conduct of life in a modern industrial city; and citizens are not slow to learn what they need to know to operate complex services like telephones, sanitation services, public transportation, hydro and gas supplies, internal combustion engines or even income-tax assessments. It is important that the intelligence and capacity of the civilian should not be underestimated.

There are certain fairly obvious government services which will need to be enlarged and organized to provide civil protection. Fire services occur to the mind at once. The standardization of equipment, the provision of reserve pools of additional equipment, the creation and maintenance of trained reserves of men and women who can use the equipment, the provision of communications and of a basic plan of organization that will ensure an adequate "build-up" of fire equipment at points of concentrated need: these and similar provisions seem logically necessary. The question is, what is being done about them? Is progress in these matters being aided and guided by government policy or is this, like many other matters, being bogged down in attempts by one level of government or another to escape financial responsibility?

Even within these self-evident government services there is much room for the citizen to play his part. For example, it is clearly impracticable for the public purse (which, after all is only the citizen's purse at one remove) to maintain large numbers of paid firemen on a standing reserve. The manpower resources will not permit such a wasteful misuse of men and women who should be engaged in continuously useful and productive tasks. The larger part of these reserves must be volunteers, willing to give time now to learn how to be useful if and when they are needed. Add to that the fact that every citizen can learn how to deal with small fires, and can be equipped to deal with small fires, as the thousands of stirrup-pump teams in Great Britain showed. The same principles can be applied to many other forms of civil defence service, such as air-raid wardens, special police reserves, rescue squads, auxiliary medical services, communications workers, ambulance services and other active forms of protection. The key lies in good flexible organization, skilled staff work, as well as information and instruction. In a word, planning and preparation are more important than immediate and cumbersome organization.

The next important principle of civil defence is the cardinal importance of welfare services. This need has been examined, in a brilliant analysis of Britain's experience, in the volume of the Official History of World War II, published by the British Government and entitled, *Problems of Social Policy*. Enemy attack on civilians is aimed, after all, at people. If people can be made so uncomfortable, by destruction of their homes, dislocation of their daily lives, interference with their jobs, then much of the resources of the community will have to be devoted to the restoration of minimum living conditions. There are many welfare lessons in this book. Some of them bear repetition. Mass-evacuation, even if it is practicable in Canada, has many disadvantages. It creates a myriad of intolerable social problems for people, and interferes with production. In all phases of civil defence the maintenance of family life is shown to be a fundamental need of people; to this end all the resources of good social

welfare policies, and all available resources of trained staff (of which Canada, like the U.S.A. and Great Britain is extremely short) should be diverted both in the planning and in the operation of civil defence. In this area it is more economical and the better part of wisdom to strengthen what we have now than to risk the wasteful and inefficient process of creating emergency services under stress of attack.

Another important lesson of Britain's experience is the importance of maintaining adequate services to meet the on-going needs of civilian populations. Experience showed the folly of closing all London's schools for use as air-raid stations, and of village schools for military occupation. As a result of those steps tens of thousands of children lost valuable years of their educational lives without any real gains on the other side. In the same way, the reservation of hospital and medical care facilities against hypothetical military and air-raid casualty needs deprived thousands of citizens of much-needed care at a cost of great suffering and without any perceptible gain. It would be equally inefficient to organize and equip every rural municipality in Canada against a very unlikely contingency of air-attack, and fail to ensure that it could house, clothe, feed, and educate those whom air-raids or production centres had temporarily deprived of their own homes.

The matter of passive defence, that is, of building air-raid shelters in which people will hide from air attack in non-productive idleness, is perhaps the least important feature of civil defence. Protection must, of course, be afforded where continuous and great danger is present. Estimation of this need must depend on military and policy assessment. It is the active citizen, organized within his own community, assisted by government action with adequate supplies and supported by sound planning and preparation, based on the improvement of what we already have, who will be the unseen but vital figure in civil defence. If he is to play his part we must have good planning now, and planning which is based on active and effective partnership between all levels of government and between public and private agencies.

In order to achieve this partnership it is essential that some major decisions should be made now. The federal government is responsible for making it clear that it means business in civil defence. Responsibility for civil defence co-ordination lies at present with the Department of National Defence. This does not seem wise for that department is concerned primarily with administration and maintenance of the armed forces. For it to divert its best brains to civil defence planning would be an unwise deflection of military strength; for it to leave civil defence to its less adequate staff would be unfair to the people of Canada. Moreover, a defence ministry necessarily and properly operates essentially an autocratic machine in which orders are issued at the top and carried out further down a well-integrated chain of command. A civilian democracy does not operate in that way and is unlikely to respond to leadership planned by those who are trained and experienced in that type of operation. Certainly all matters of health and welfare should be the responsibility of the cabinet ministers who are already responsible for the health and welfare of the Canadian people. Welfare, as the British discovered to their cost, is a complex matter involving a myriad of individual human relationships. It takes a staff skilled and experienced in that field of service to devise and operate appropriate extensions of those services for purposes of civil defence.

The great reservoir of manpower for civil defence, as well as the effective organization for the mobilization of the tens of thousands of trained and self-disciplined volunteers

who must largely man the civil defence services, lies in the private voluntary agencies. Some effective forms of partnership must be developed between public and private agencies. An appropriate way to secure these partnerships would be for the federal government to take into consultation the Canadian Welfare Council, the provincial governments to consult the provincial welfare councils, and the larger municipalities to begin discussions with their metropolitan welfare councils. These councils already have the machinery of co-operation in being to tie together the complex structure of a hundred or more diverse agencies in the most effective forms. It is wasteful and inefficient to set up new and parallel channels of discussion and co-ordination.

Behind all these discussions lies the spectre of finance. Clearly this is a national problem and should be financed from the national exchequer. Money and leadership must be allocated for staff and equipment. For example, it is unrealistic to expect the Department of Health and Welfare to plan adequate measures without additional staff and budgets for reserves of equipment; and it is equally unreal to ask private agencies to assume new burdens without protecting their trained staff from enrolment in the armed forces and providing funds to undertake the additional tasks which any civil defence preparations must throw on them. These expenditures, if wisely planned, need not be heavy but they must be underwritten if the work is to be done. Provinces and municipalities are unlikely to take steps to improve their services in the many fields of civil defence unless they are assured that the additional burden will be at least supported from the federal treasury. Here again the amounts, if given now, need not be large. If the decision is neglected the resultant cost may be very heavy indeed. The formulation of adequate financial guarantees against need arising from war circumstances, for compensation of lost or damaged property, and for medical care of the injured should be put in hand at once. There will be more in the nature of contingent liabilities than actual expenditures but the very existence of suitable plans would do much to give confidence to the ordinary citizen that his protection was assured. Confidence is almost as important a feature of civil defence as actual provision.

Some clear-cut answers to some of these questions, which at present are being asked in vain, would do much to ensure that civil defence was on its way to becoming, which it should become, the response of active, well-informed, confident citizens to the challenge to take care of their own safety, aided and guided by their government.

JOHN S. MORGAN

Report from Tibet

Theodore Burang

► THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS have announced that they are holding a huge army in readiness to invade Tibet. Apart from a few advances which are more in the nature of a "stunt," two invasion armies numbering ten thousand men each have been concentrated in the Eastern borderland of Tibet at Darchendo and Jyekundo respectively. The population there has proved to be much less receptive to Chinese propaganda than the invaders had hoped. It has, in fact, driven off most of the cattle to the hills, and deprived the district of part of its meat supplies and pack animals. This has forced the Communists to use warplanes to feed the several thousand soldiers assembled. The directive to the Chinese Communist spearheads advancing from the districts mentioned, exhorts the soldiers to learn Tibetan—

undeniably a tall order, and to save strength and material as much as possible. This sounds like good advice to an army invading a barren country innocent of roads, airfields and petrol.

A few Communist spearheads have pushed inland over difficult territory which no invasion army has ever succeeded in conquering for long. For the first time invaders are taking motor trucks with them which in order to cross rivers and gorges have to be taken apart, carried across by soldiers, and reassembled on the other side. Petrol is dropped by Mao's airforce which is said to total two hundred and fifty planes.

The actual population of Tibet is unknown. Estimates vary from 700,000 to 6,000,000. Since there are no frontiers in the Western sense of the word, extreme estimates of the area of the country vary from six times the size of the British Isles to twenty times its size. It would appear that it was, in part, the inability of the Tibetans to submit statistics which prevented their getting help from the Western orbit. The annual budget is less than five million dollars, so that Tibet cannot buy modern weapons to equip an adequate defence force. In fact, Tibet has not a single airplane. The Chinese Communist forces on the other hand, with up-to-date weapons and equipment, are much superior to the Tibetan army, but they are up against enormous odds on account of the difficult terrain. Despite its inferiority in numbers and equipment, the Tibetan army would stand a good chance to defend its country if the Communists did not hold a virtual news monopoly.

There are no broadcasts of any importance from the Western orbit in the Tibetan language. Chinese Communist broadcasts in Tibetan emphasize the achievements of Mao Tse-tung's government, stressing public health services, control of inflation and reconstruction in China. There, as elsewhere, they continuously brand the Western powers as warmongers, etc. This remains uncontradicted by the West or even by the Tibetans themselves. True, there are no more than two or three radio sets in many of the Tibetan villages and not more than about a hundred in the cities. But in a country where there is no daily press and Tibetan monthlies often take months to reach the public, the radio is virtually the only means of getting information quickly. Often hundreds of Tibetans gather around a single radio set broadcasting Chinese Communist propaganda, even though the broadcasts are far from perfect and some are somewhat erroneous from a psychological angle.

Moreover, knowing how keenly the Tibetans resent foreign interference of any kind, the Communists represent Communist-inspired insurrections against the government as purely Tibetan affairs. One of the most vigorous pushes from the East, for instance is styled "The war between Tibet and Kham." Kham is a Tibetan province to the east. Furthermore, the Communists carefully conceal their hostility to religion. They are doing their utmost to remain on good terms with the Lamaic religion, by providing financial assistance to Tibetan monasteries and monks, and even to certain leaders of the Lamaic Church on condition that they abstain from expressing hostility to communism. Members of the Lamaic Church form part of the Tibetan Communist government set up by Mao Tse-tung in Eastern Tibet in January 1951.

All this explains the latest trend in Central Asia. Had the Western orbit been better advised in its moves relating to Tibet, the picture would, of course, be quite different. Tibet is one of the most freedom-loving countries in the world. The Tibetans firmly maintain the view that Tibet has always stood on its own feet, that all the wars waged

in the past between Tibet and other countries were fought and settled by the Tibetans themselves without assistance from China, and that, on the whole, Tibetan governments have always governed their country in a much more orderly fashion than successive governments have governed China. It was only after the Tibetans felt that the country had been abandoned by all, and especially after they realized that they could not expect any really effective help from India, that they began to envision the possibility of coming to terms with Mao Tse-tung.

A short time ago, a prominent Tibetan on a visit to Formosa declared that "Tibet was about to raise a militia of a hundred thousand men and would fight to the last man and the last bullet." Experience goes to show that statements of this kind should be taken with a pinch of salt. Central Asians, like many other Asiatics, are much too elastic to fight to the last man and the last bullet. In accordance with genuinely Asian concepts of heroism, the term "hero" goes to the general who automatically wins the battle by bribing the supplier of his opponents' ammunition in such a clever manner that his enemy is supplied with paper bullets and paper shells.

In any case, the Tibetans realize that even if the Chinese Communists succeed in invading Tibet, the actual grip of the invading forces will no doubt be limited to the most densely populated areas and centres of communication. In the long run, the issue will be decided by the outcome of a battle of ideas. The best and most authoritative observers of the situation are convinced that the Communists cannot really win the battle in Inner Asia unless they "shed the coating of materialism and replace it with a mysticism drawn from the inexhaustible resources of Asia," in other words, unless they present communism in the garb of religion.

The Practice of Power Politics

J. C. Wilson

► IN THE FACE of the present day faith in diplomacy by conference this will be a blatant heresy—but please, let's get back to those good old days of secret diplomacy! Just think again of those eminently satisfying years when such splendidly evil men as Bismarck, Gorchakov, Andrassey, and Disraeli could meet privately and settle international problems by bartering small nations away! If we might only return to that enchanting period when Britain could sell Bulgaria sweetly down the river for concessions in Persia, or when Germany might offer French-controlled Tunisia to Italy with immense magnanimity while mentally reserving it for the German African Empire. But best of all, let's get back to those idyllic and quite sane days when international oratory was a form of manners rather than missionary activity, when diplomats were prepared to negotiate even at the terrible risk of being realistic, and when this cloak-and-dagger diplomacy gave a flexibility to international negotiations and opportunity to preserve the balances of power—and peace. And at the risk of shattering a whole generation of clergymen—let's pray for the advent of some modern Machiavelli!

Recent, frequent, and clod-handed diplomatic blunders suggest that we have reached an alarming condition. If Mr. Vishinski rises in righteous indignation in one or another of the various assemblies of the United Nations to imply that Mr. Acheson is not exactly a paragon of honesty and that he is motivated by interests that are less than

pure, and if, in return, some American delegate excitedly offers the opinion that Mr. Vishinski is hurling his accusations from the immediate vicinity of a particularly brittle glass house, are we shocked? Are we filled with revulsion at these verbal brutalities? Heavens no! We are merely treated once more to the type of spectacle which is rapidly beginning to characterize almost our entire diplomacy—as a matter of fact we are expected to take our stand with Right and chant, "Crucify him!" or whatever other pleasure the crowd might demand. That this rapid and continuous parroting of the old accusations has reduced international negotiation to the level of a ladies' aid meeting seems to escape us—but then these same qualities have almost invariably escaped the ladies, too; preoccupation with the established and socially sanctified attitudes obscures the realities of problems in both circles.

We have sung the litanies of our moral approach to international politics for so long that we have hypnotized ourselves and conduct our intercourse with other nations as if that approach were in universal use. And while our political and social institutions (such as police) are tacit recognition of the fact that man is not really likely to love his neighbor as himself, every day one may hear the hosannas of the faithful echoing before the shrines of Geneva and Flushing, testifying that some sort of international love will rise before us like a magi to bridge the gulfs of language, ideology, and ignorance and create new loyalties which will make war obsolete and national might ridiculous. Eloquent if perhaps lengthy, testimony to this sort of muddled thinking was given by Mr. Cordell Hull, who in a burst of enthusiasm once went so far as to suggest that we should forever condemn power politics and cease such nefarious activity. The fact that power politics is the relationship between nations rather than a particular approach to that relationship seems to have evaded the grasp of Mr. Hull—nor is he alone in that regard. The frightening thing about the whole situation is that peace, today or at any other time, is dependent upon the recognition of the real opposition of forces and not of ideological alliances, and that clumsy, theatrical, and noisy diplomacy may well precipitate a crisis for which there is no reason. Mr. Attlee's frantic flight to Washington emphasizes the European fears in this direction and the considerable lack of faith in the somewhat shaky hand of the American administration.

The United Nations is unfortunately the last place where really crucial world problems can be thrashed out. The modern political environment has made it virtually useless in preventing war. We are possessed by our political ideologies to the extent that we know that we are right and thus can have no consort with the evils being spread by the opposition. After all, in much the same manner, the owners of "Coca Cola" could hardly be expected to advertise the merits of "Orange-Crush." As a result we are reduced to forming solid walls of supporters, chorusing our hymns of hate at the top of our voices, and marching steadily on. The only possible result is that sooner or later we will stand like small boys, grin-lipped, toe to toe, and eyeball glued to eyeball, our respective chips rocking perilously on our shoulders while surrounded by a fiercely partisan crowd of urchin nations. The glare of the public arena distorts the view of the participants and the spectators alike—and it is the publicity of Lake Success (or any other assembly area) which helps prevent active negotiation—especially in the face of our assertion that we alone espouse the cause of Right and that to make any compromise with the opposition is a form of trafficking with the enemy and a blasphemous act. Indeed, in consideration of the various McCarthys and others of equal zeal in our midst, it is certainly

a highly dangerous one! Should anyone venture to suggest that the opposition has some point in its argument, we may be sure that some zealot will seize the occasion to revile such conduct and secure the ultimate consignment of this poor unfortunate to some hideous hell.

It is this kind of thinking which has done commerce in righteous morality from countless pulpits and across untold numbers of public dining tables. For years it has been the habit of these people, as simply one example, to extol the beauties of American-Canadian friendship. The hallelujas which have echoed so fervently above these congregations have proclaimed the godliness of our peoples in extending friendship to each other. The fact that the United States has never (except for the occasional proclamation of her more circus-like political performers) had any real desire to accept the burden of Canada as another state and that Canada, since the Rush Bagot Treaty, has been almost wholly incapable of protecting herself against the United States has not influenced our orators in their sanctification of our undefended common border.

In the same vein, we have become completely politically unrealistic in our applause to Great Britain for entering World War I for "a scrap of paper." This welter of self-congratulation implies of course that the "national honor" demanded that Great Britain back her promises to Belgium and the Low Countries. It would be difficult to imagine a more ridiculous thesis. The independence of the upper Channel and the North Sea states has always been the precondition of British security at home and it has been a condition which Britain has recognized for over three centuries. Perfidious Albion was merely once more attempting to ensure her position by allying against the Germanic bloc so that no enormous central European power might rise to threaten her or destroy the balance of power which had favored her. Popular imagination, however, endowed dear old Great Britain with the chivalrous qualities of her patron saint—and that for acting quite selfishly in her own behalf. These are just two examples of moral justification for political action which was completely amoral. Unfortunately (from the point of view of organized morality at least), in the short run, political negotiation is hardly determined by the Ten Commandments and where political aims and idealism coincide the coincidence must be considered entirely accidental. And one of the real dangers for the future lies in the present-day tendency to identify morality with foreign policy when foreign policy should be merely intelligent adaptation of national aspirations to particular power situations.

It has been written a great many times that diplomacy is the art of compromise—yet the function of diplomacy cannot be compromised today because, as every child has been taught since the black era of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, compromise is appeasement—and appeasement is synonymous with sin. This is the spirit which seems to be operating in the Western hemisphere and which when combined with the parliamentary qualities of the United Nations destroys the opportunity to face the present world situation squarely. The American-led United Nations crusade in Korea is a typical result. Courageous as it is, or was, it is still a magnificent stupidity, for it fails to recognize what must be of crucial importance to the Communist bloc or what is really important to the United States. The United States could never permit communist control of the lower Californian peninsula despite the fact that she does not own it—yet she cannot imagine why China would attack foreign intervention in Korea, which is really a similar type of area. The United States has long practised political realism in her advocacy of the Munroe Doctrine, but today refuses

to recognize political realities. There is no doubt that the West desires peace above all else, as there is no doubt that if provoked far enough it will wage war; but we must be sensible in our determination of what is really crucial to our security—and equally sensible of what is crucial to the security of the East in its fear of our might.

For this reason we must look upon the world situation without concern for moral judgments, but for the power equilibriums which determine whether peace or war will exist. Peace is never a product of conscience—for after all it is only really valuable to the weaker. Huge assemblies such as the United Nations are worse than useless in these negotiations. Their covenants or charters are written in pious moral hopes which unfortunately bear no resemblance to the real state of affairs. We would never settle family disputes of our children before the children themselves or the neighbors, yet we do not hesitate to attempt to dispose of thorny problems of large nations with respect to smaller nations with the entire political neighborhood clamoring in the background. It seems that if we don't take negotiation out of the United Nations there can be no negotiation at all and just a continuation of the frantic and hysterical breast-beating and name-calling now common to our arenas.

The Prophet in Politics: William Aberhart

J. R. Mallory

► THERE ARE TWO THINGS which set the Social Credit Movement somewhat apart in Canadian politics: its bizarre doctrine and its leader. As a party, social credit offered not so much a program as a doctrine. It was only appropriate that it was not so much an organization with leaders as a cause embodied in the person of a messiah.

Given the philosophy of social credit this was only too likely. Its philosophy of history was simple. It believed that the mainsprings of power lay with the control of the money supply. It believed that the economy was controlled as simply and directly by the alteration in the money supply as is a motor car by changes in the fuel mixture which is driven into the cylinders by variations in the position of the accelerator. The invention of bank credit had left the bankers in strategic control of economic life. It was only natural that the bankers, possessed of this absolute power, should use it to perpetuate their own privileged position. If one believed this, it was equally easy to believe that "the people," who suffered in bondage to the bankers, could with equal ease manipulate the money supply to ensure their ease and plenty. All that was necessary was to wrest the secret from the bankers and displace them from their controlling position. The social crediters believed that Major Douglas had grasped the mystery of the bankers and that social-credit technicians could operate the machine. All that was necessary was to use the power of propaganda to persuade the people of the facts and then to employ their united strength to revolutionize the social order.

To cram the complex facts of the history of men and movements, of nations and ideas, into such a tiny and oddly-shaped container would require an extraordinary act of faith from all but the most desperate or the most credulous. It is only natural then that such a movement would not attract leaders of the conventional stamp. So simple a myth would be very convenient to unscrupulous men, hungry only for

power and exploitation and caring nothing for principle. On the whole, such men did not find their way to Alberta.

On the other hand such slogans, though grossly oversimplified, did recognize two valid concepts. The monopoly of skill or knowledge is a means to political power, skillfully exploited in their day by the civil servants of the Chinese and British empires. And part of the problem of the Canadian west was susceptible to solution by monetary means. Therefore moderate and reasonable men might be inclined to guide such a powerful release of political energy in the cause of political reform. But William Aberhart was not of these.

He was the type of leader most likely in such movements, for exotic movements beget exotic leaders. He was the charismatic leader, so fired with the vision of the millenium contained in the doctrine that his own magnetic enthusiasm transmitted his exaltation to his followers. By communicating his own vision he created a mass enthusiasm which sustained him in power.

In some ways there is an inherent improbability in the doctrine of social credit capturing any large number of Canadians. As a group Canadians are phlegmatic, practical, and rather incurious about ultimate causes. In Western Canada these qualities are reinforced by a rather high degree of political maturity. Why, then, was social credit successful in the Canadian West? How could a movement which was both a revolt against reason in politics and a transcendental passion have become rooted in such unpromising soil?

Even after only twenty years it requires an effort of the will to recapture the mood of the thirties. After so much has passed it now seems that men's souls were tried by rather trifling problems. In an age when it is apparent that governments can do far too much to alter human destiny we find it hard to believe that men boggled at the idea that governments could cope effectively with such relatively easy matters as the shortage of either rain or money. We can never quite recapture that feeling of impotent despair which characterized the age of buried pigs and burnt coffee.

It was almost inevitable that an irrational protest movement in Canada should be led by a school teacher. Such movements appeal to those in whom frustration has created a receptiveness for apocalyptic vision by weakening the faith in reason and eroding the sense of proportion. No occupational group in Canada contains as many justifiably frustrated people as school teaching. Undertrained, underpaid, forced to signalize a sense of vocation by public asceticism, Canadian teachers are the scapegoats of a community which feels guilt at its anaemic culture. That the majority of teachers remain sane and human is as miraculous as the reappearance of spring.

Aberhart's own frustration created in him the humorless singleness of purpose which is the characteristic of the prophet. Like most school teachers he wanted to be something else. He wanted to be a Presbyterian clergyman. He lacked the money to finance his education, so he was forced to teach school and become a Sunday-school superintendent. He wanted education. He was forced to make do with a degree obtained by extra-mural study. Luckily for him he was one of those rare individuals who is a superb school-teacher. This was to be his greatest political strength as well as his greatest political weakness. On the one hand he could convince by clear exposition, by the homely analogy and the skillful over-simplification. Just as the useful part of mathematics can be taught by simple work-problems, so also the essence of political ideology can be conveyed by the myth and the anecdote.

But the teaching of children makes one didactic, unaccustomed to criticism, and unused to the art of compromise between equals. These are serious faults in a political system which requires its leaders to be parliamentarians as well as executives, and believes in the competition of ideas and the accommodation of compromise of legitimate conflicts of interest.

Thus the qualities which forced William Aberhart to the surface in Alberta politics were qualities which fatally weakened the social-credit party and threatened the integrity of the Canadian party system. By 1935 Aberhart was a skillful propagandist with a large following based on the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute and the study groups which formed the core of his large radio audience. It was he who had made social credit the major issue in Alberta politics, and when the election had been won overwhelmingly by supporters of social credit he was the natural leader to assume power and to translate the electoral triumph into the more solid gains of concrete political objectives.

As the administrator of the electoral gains of social credit he was in the end a failure, though its attainment of political power was his triumph. His failure was in part the failure of the ideas of the social-credit movement either to command sufficient support in a federal country to realize its aims or to provide workable solutions to the problem to which it addressed itself. It is the failure of Aberhart as a leader of a political movement-in-being which is the more important. He failed to develop the skills of the party politician. For all that he displayed an elusive tenacity in negotiation and a ruthless subordination of means to ends, he lacked the ability to compromise successfully and each of the major insurgencies in the party left it seriously weakened as an instrument for his purpose. Above all he was not a parliamentarian. He would sit through debates, hurt and angry at the attacks of his opponents, unable either to disregard their onslaughts or to think in time of suitable repartee. This helpless resentment led him into some of his greatest mistakes, such as the Press Bill.

His was no cabinet of equals, but a body of lieutenants whose usefulness was measured by their ability loyally to follow his decisions. His party, likewise, was constantly torn between the authoritarian concept of the study-group on the one hand and the sense of constituency autonomy which had always been so strong in Alberta politics. Here were two dangers to Canadian politics and Aberhart personified them both. Both the doctrine of Douglasite social credit—already being pushed by Douglas to its ultimate identification of bankers and communists alike with a world Jewish plot—and the theory of leadership which evolved from Aberhart's authoritarian habits and fundamentalist theology were an alien and dangerous intrusion in Canadian politics. For parliamentary constitutionalism depends both on a party structure which strives to compose differences rather than to emphasize them, and on some degree of control over leadership and policy from the bottom up.

That many informed people thought in 1940 that if reactionary totalitarianism came to Canada William Aberhart would lead it may seem improbable to us today. But it was Aberhart and his party which conformed most closely to the kind of party which could be used for totalitarian ends. It had a simple slogan, a good organization, and a strong leader. Whether the social crediters would have become storm-troopers is another matter. The old patterns of thought and action were deeply ingrained in the party itself. It is significant that when Aberhart died his successor was elected by legislative caucus, and the ultimate rupture between the realists and the Douglasites in the party showed

the strength of a thoroughly Canadian desire to build a party on compromise rather than conflict.

William Aberhart will live in Canadian politics. He had great qualities as a leader. He was a man of honest conviction who burned to free his fellowmen. That he believed in his political convictions with a single-minded intensity was his most dangerous quality. It was, curiously enough, Tallyrand who provided the appropriate maxim for evaluating Aberhart: "Above all, no zeal."



Humboldt—A considerable number of new books were added to the public library recently. The new books are by such prominent authors as Lloyd C. Douglas, Ernest Hemingway, Eleanor Roosevelt, Somerset Maugham, Upton Sinclair, John Fisher, Edward McCourt, A. J. Cronin, Foster Hewitt and others.

(Saskatoon Star-Phoenix)

Outlook Gloomy Say Makers of Gravestones.

(Headline, Globe and Mail)

Toronto District Labor Council (AFL) last night rapped the TTC for refusing to install public lavatories in the Yonge St. Subway. It declared that the TTC's position was unrealistic and called on city council to ask the TTC to reverse its position.

(Globe and Mail)

J. S. Duncan, president [of Massey-Harris Co.], states the plants, notwithstanding already existing material shortages, are operating at a high level of production and 1951 is faced with confidence. As long as the international tension continues, the demand for farm implements will, in all probability, be strongly sustained.

(Toronto Daily Star)

Second only in importance to an amendment to the Racing Commission Act which widens the power of the Commission to control the sport, was an amendment by Welfare Minister W. A. Goodfellow which will reduce the period of probation for foster parents from two to one year in adoption proceedings.

(The Telegram)

Mr. Porter also introduced a bill amending the School Sites act to permit schools to be built within 100 yards of orchards and gardens. "I have enough confidence in the integrity of our schoolchildren to believe they won't steal from orchards," Mr. Porter explained. "This bill was designed for conditions 100 years ago."

(Toronto Daily Star)

The good saint [Valentine] has also started sponsoring gifts that would melt a heart of stone. Chocolates packed in heart-shaped boxes, spring flowers from Medicine Hat, Sask., \$20 bottles of Chanel No. 5, and flimsy sets of lingerie are on the list of "practical valentines."

(Winnipeg Free Press)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Carlyle King, Saskatoon, Sask. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air Allan Sangster

► WE HAD HOPED to devote this month's column to a discussion of those findings of the Massey Commission which deal with radio. However, present information is that their report will not be handed down until the middle of March, so we do not yet know what, if anything, is going to happen to our national radio system. Further, the commission's delay in tabling its report (which was said to be coming down in February) caught this reviewer with his listening way behind.

Accordingly, at the meeting of the *Forum* Editorial Board on February fifth, we put this column in their hands.

"What," we asked, "would you like to have said about radio in the March issue?"

Replies were immediate, sometimes vociferous, often unanimous. Among the most emphatic and unanimous dislikes was one for Al Harvey, the disc-jockey who has replaced Rawhide in the eight-thirty morning spot on Trans-Canada. Mr. Harvey, our board feels, is definitely not in Rawhide's class, nor in any other class which they wish to go on hearing. Similarly unanimous and emphatic was a condemnation of the Sunday afternoon half-hour called "At Home With the Lennicks." The Lennicks' domestic conversation, we felt, is devoid of sparkle, is ordinary, is dull. Certainly, the presentation is easy, but no-content conversation, however affably presented, does not make entertainment.

Two members—this beef is addressed to the engineering rather than the program department—experience constant difficulty in receiving CBL without constant background noise from other stations. One of these members lives in South Rosedale, the other several miles north.

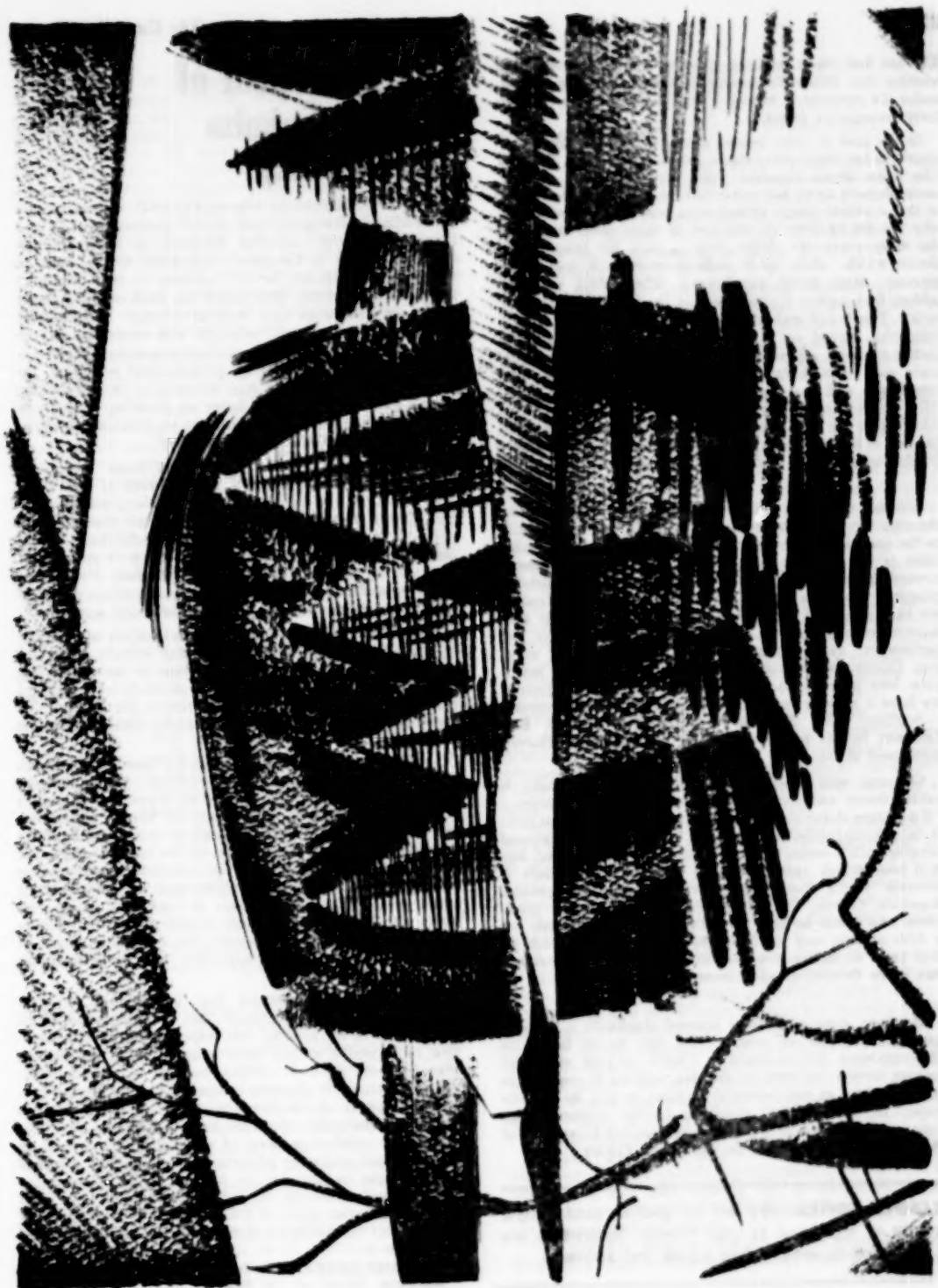
There was a widely held opinion, perhaps to be expected from persons who give much of their time and thought to the production of such a magazine as this, that the CBC devotes far too much of its time to sports, and that this tendency is growing. General, too, was the feeling that the two English networks tend to operate as competitive, rather than complementary systems. In other words, insufficient co-ordination exists between them, so that if one doesn't, for example, like what is available on Dominion, what one can get on Trans-Canada provides only a kind of Hobson's choice. It was felt, too, that this lack of co-ordination extends to the selection of serious music, so that one sometimes hears the same composition three or four times within a short period—once live, perhaps, and three times from records.

Opinion was general that regional drama was in a deplorable condition, and few members had difficulty in recalling, from either Winnipeg or Vancouver, at least one dramatic half-hour which they described as "an out and out stinker."

Our music and record critic finds that the Sunday morning record program from Halifax—The Concert Album—is often burdened with excessive continuity, that this continuity is frequently tedious and sometimes just plain incorrect in its facts. Since we ourselves have caught the Halifax studios in some lamentable errors in this field, in the afternoon From the Classics, we were in agreement. At the same time we deplore the passing of this long-established program, for years the only afternoon sop (fifteen minutes) which Trans-Canada threw to its good music listeners.

Again on the debit side, we were agreed that the end of the drama series called The Footlighters came not a moment too soon, since this series had long since outrun its author's inspiration. In contrast, many members were warm in their approval of Robert Fontaine's My Uncle Louis, noting that by lightness of touch, by amusing situations, by lines of genuine wit, this unpretentious half-hour, even after all its years on the network, continues to provide its listeners with a genuinely Happy Time. Not as much could be said for W. O. Mitchell's Jake and the Kid, a somewhat similar program which is not, unfortunately, able to avail itself of the volatile French character and, above all, of the French accents which give The Happy Time much of its flavor. Members were agreed that Jake and the

ISLAND ON BUCKHORN LAKE—JOHN MACKILLOP →



Kid has had many amusing episodes, but were wondering whether Mr. Mitchell's inspiration was not flagging a little under the pressure of writing a weekly half-hour for almost forty consecutive weeks.

In the field of more serious drama there was widespread approval for Stage Fifty-One's revival of Tommy Tweed's *The Man From Number Ten*. With this your regular correspondent (who had not heard the original performance of this excellent play) agreed most heartily, and wondered why we get so little of this sort of thing these days. In the early years Mr. Allan used to pack his Stages with pieces which, while good entertainment, still had some message, some social significance. These days one can seldom find such a drama, even on the half-hour dramatic series. The board was also pleased with Mr. Alan King's delightful *Naked on a White Horse*. Opinions on Miss Judith Evelyn's appearance in *Candida* ranged from moderately good through fair to superficial. This reviewer, who remembers well the days when, on the Hart House stage, Miss Evelyn could tear his heart out in almost any role which gave her the least opportunity, wondered what had become of her vigor, her power, her ability to get thoroughly inside any character and project all its values.

* * *

Anyone who has followed CBC's programs steadily through the past three or four months comes inescapably to the conclusion that the steady pressure toward mediocrity (this is the pressure which never relents, while pressure toward higher standards tends constantly to do so) is driving program standards down. We've lost *From the Classics*; we long since lost the afternoon recital periods, and now have no regularly scheduled good live music by one or two performers; we've lost *Bernie Braden Tells a Story*; we've lost *Giselle*; we've lost—well, you have only to search your own memory to extend the list indefinitely. Instead we have a positive rash of low-grade family-type programs—*Startime*, *The Sunshine Society*, *The Record Bar*, *Leicester Square* to Old Broadway, the odious *Al Harvey* mentioned above.

One can well believe that the Hollywood mentality is taking firmer and firmer hold on our program executives—"if a picture doesn't cost a million three (hundred thousand) it is, automatically, a B picture." Similarly, the national program office seems to be coming to the opinion that any half-hour which costs less than five hundred dollars is scarcely worth transmitting. One has only to consider *Rawhide*, *Giselle*, *Critically Speaking*, or the many musicians who would be glad to make a half-hour of music for a fifth of that sum to realize how wrong this attitude is. But those in authority on Jarvis Street, or even, so rumor has it, in Ottawa, remain unconvinced.

* * *

However, even with these lowered standards, CBC still provides the best all round radio fare to be found on this continent. Try to listen to CKEY, or your own local private station, for most of the day, and see if you find as much variety, as well-balanced a ration, as you do on your local CBC station. Next month, in further support of this contention, we hope to give you a catch-as-catch-can view of American radio as caught in Key West, Florida.

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

The Testament of Karl Mannheim

John A. Irving

► KARL MANNHEIM, who died in 1947, was one of the outstanding sociologists and social philosophers of the twentieth century. Born in Hungary in 1894, he was educated mainly in Germany. Appointed to the chair of sociology at Frankfurt, he left Germany in 1933, owing to the political situation, and joined the staff of the London School of Economics and Political Science. Subsequently he became professor of sociology and education in the University of London and was invited to reorganize Canberra University on the basis of his philosophical principles. At the time of his death he was editor of a vast publishing project, the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction, which will remain as an enduring memorial to his comprehensive and luminous mind.

While he lived Mannheim published many works, the three most important of which are *Diagnosis of Our Time*, *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction*, and *Ideology and Utopia*. Since his death his friends and students have undertaken the task of editing and publishing certain manuscripts which he left in various stages of completion. The first of these to be published, *Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning*,* provides both an important contribution to social theory and a stimulus for social action.

Mannheim resembles such great sociologists of the past as Comte and Spencer, Marx and Max Weber, in that he pursued sociological study as a response to the challenging present. But his development of a sociology of knowledge enabled him to achieve a sophistication in his treatment of the social sciences and social philosophy which eluded his predecessors.

In *Freedom, Power, and Democratic Planning*, Mannheim is concerned essentially with the problem of how planning can be woven into a new pattern of democracy in such a way that the freedom and dignity of human personality will be preserved. In his diagnosis of the world situation he discusses ten main symptoms of the present crisis: the new social techniques making for minority rule; the power complex; monopolies; the displacement of self-regulating small groups; the disintegration of traditional group controls; the failure of large-scale co-ordination; the disintegration of co-operative controls; the disruptive effects of class antagonism; the disintegration both of personalities and of religious bonds.

Mannheim was convinced that unregulated capitalist society has become so chaotic that it cannot last much longer. Up to the present, two responses to the disintegration of capitalist society have emerged: first, totalitarian planning with its two variants, fascism and communism; second, democratic planning gradually evolved by the progressive policies of the democracies. After repudiating all forms of totalitarianism, Mannheim formulates the basic social and political problem of our age: "Our task is to build a social system by planning, but planning of a special kind: it must be *planning for freedom*, subjected to democratic control; *planning, but not restrictionist* so as to favor group monopolies either of entrepreneurs or workers' associations, but "*planning for plenty*," i.e. full employment and

* **FREEDOM, POWER, AND DEMOCRATIC PLANNING:** Karl Mannheim; Oxford, pp. 384; \$5.25.

full exploitation of resources; *planning for social justice* rather than absolute equality, with differentiation of rewards and status on the basis of genuine equality rather than privilege; *planning not for a classless society* but for one that abolishes the extremes of wealth and poverty; *planning for cultural standards* without "levelling down"—a planned transition making for progress without discarding what is valuable in tradition; *planning that counteracts the dangers of a mass society* by co-ordination of the means of social control but interfering only in cases of institutional or moral deterioration defined by collective criteria; *planning for balance* between centralization and dispersion of power; *planning for gradual transformation of society in order to encourage the growth of personality*; in short, *planning but not regimentation.*" (p. 29)

Planning, as Mannheim envisages it, involves the integration by democratic societies of politics and economics as well as the co-ordination of institutions in terms of the new educational and personal values which are emerging in this century. The reorganization of education will constitute an important advance in the new democracy, more especially in connection with the integration of work and leisure. "Education should aim at making the pursuit of leisure-time activities a welcome opportunity for developing democratic personality not by rules and regulations but by example and the encouragement of a well-balanced attitude. Thus, leisure may be integrated into the democratic plan like work and education" (p. 274).

Since Plato's time the advocates of a planned society have always been faced with a final question: *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* During the later years of life Mannheim carried on prolonged discussions concerning ultimate values with such prominent Christian thinkers as T. S. Eliot, J. Middleton Murry, and J. H. Oldham. They convinced him that sociology cannot remain "religion blind." Under their influence he gradually came to the conclusion that the question as to "who is to plan the planners" must be considered in terms of religion as well as of sociology and social philosophy. At the same time he insisted that religious leaders must embody in their approach to man the discoveries of psychology, psychoanalysis, and the social sciences. "It is obviously equally wrong to think that the formidable transformation through which we are passing can be endured without spiritual guidance, or to think that religious guidance with its traditional means of interpreting the world situation is sufficient . . . religious leaders must keep up with the changing order, building their world outlook and policy upon deeper insight and intellectual comprehension" (pp. 312-313). Dynamic religion has a major function in the social order.

Mannheim taught a lesson highly relevant to Canadian liberals, and one that they have hardly yet begun to learn—the lesson that the reconstruction of society is concerned essentially with social planning. He made it clear, also, that social planning can never succeed without the achievement of social awareness. For without social awareness there can be no real sense either of social obligation or of social responsibility. Nor can there be social justice. Only a new educational orientation in which the social sciences and social philosophy make common cause can produce social awareness on the necessary scale.

Mannheim's new book is a remarkable achievement in social awareness. It is a book which should be made available to the community through every public library in Canada.

The Ice Forest

Anne Marriott

(SHORT STORY)

► ELIZABETH SAT in the corner of Miss Penney's hall, waiting for her father to fetch her home after dancing class. The hall was huge and dark; there were many pictures on its walls. Opposite the seat where Elizabeth waited was the portrait of a big man with pale eyes. Elizabeth hated the portrait. Its light, prominent stare always made her uncomfortable.

She looked away from the bulging, painted eyes and gazed with loving relief at the picture of a waterfall, so light and airy it looked like a fall of feathers. White, blue and mauve feathers, cascading into a pearl-colored river. Elizabeth was sure it was the most beautiful painting in the world.

But presently she grew tired even of the waterfall. Her father was so late again. She wished she could go home by herself as the other children did. She wished she could go to a proper dancing class instead of Miss Penney's. Miss Penney was too old and fat to show the children how to dance; she would tell one of the brighter pupils what to do and then that pupil would demonstrate it to the others.

Elizabeth sighed. Mommy liked Miss Penney. She came from a good old family and Elizabeth could come to no harm with her. Mommy was always so afraid of Elizabeth coming to harm.

The front door opened, and a wave of cold Eastern Canadian January air shouldered into the stuffiness of Miss Penney's hall. Elizabeth's father entered with it. There was another man, too. The hall was so dark they didn't see Elizabeth sitting in the far corner, by the painting with the light, bulgy eyes.

The second man wiped his overboots on the mat. "If this sleet keeps on we'll be buried in ice by morning," he grumbled, "and it's slippery as the deuce underfoot. Queer climate," he said, shaking his head, then changed the subject. "How old's your kid who comes here? 'Bout the same as mine, I suppose?"

"Well—no," said Elizabeth's father, "she's older. But—she's the only one, you know, and my wife doesn't like her to go on the streets alone—"

"Is that right?" said the other man. "Well, at the moment I don't blame her. While that murderer's about—"

"That's a horrible business," said Elizabeth's father, lowering his voice, "killing a child—"

The other man lowered his voice too. "Must be a maniac," he said, "nothing but a maniac. I remember a case, when I was in the States. Four girls were killed before—"

"Oh, there you are, Elizabeth," said her father suddenly and loudly, "I didn't see you back there." He came toward her and looked distressed. "Were you waiting—did you hear us—come in?" The other man put a hand on Elizabeth's shoulder. She shrank away.

"She doesn't like men," said her father, smiling rather sourly. "Runs in the family, I suppose. — Ready, dear?"

They moved to the door.

Outside, freezing rain poured from an unseen dark sky, like clouds of thick needles. It rattled as it hit the layer of frozen rain and sleet already on the pavement, which constantly, imperceptibly thickened, a pavement of glass on top of a pavement of cement.

"It's certainly going to be a city of ice tomorrow," said Elizabeth's father as they started down Miss Penney's front steps.

Tomorrow was Saturday. Elizabeth's father came home at one o'clock. It had been planned that they should visit Cyril, an old friend of father's, but Mommy cried that it was far, far too slippery and there would be accidents. She said something in an undertone about that terrible creature still being at large. But the only time Elizabeth's father was ever adamant was when a visit to Cyril had been arranged. After long argument, they started out.

Mommy, fretful and frightened, clung gaspingly to Elizabeth's father who strode manfully sure-footed on the rink-like street. She held Elizabeth in a protective clutch with her other hand.

Cyril lived on the outskirts of town. His children, Beryl and Bobby, were tobogganing with fierce and joyful speed down an icy pile of snow in the front yard. They hailed Elizabeth, "Come on! You can ride every other time."

Mommy hurried Elizabeth indoors, but Cyril's wife, Mary, said, "She can go right outside and play with the youngsters."

Mommy said, "Oh, no—she isn't strong like your children—she might break her leg, she's never been on a toboggan—"

"Time she was, then," said Mary, a firm woman. She shoed Elizabeth outside. Elizabeth's father and Cyril had already vanished.

The door closed. Elizabeth went slowly down the steps. She wasn't sure she wanted to ride on the toboggan.

The door opened. Mommy looked out and called frantically, "Elizabeth! Stay right here, dear! Right here where I can see you all the time!"

Mary came up behind her and pulled on the door. Elizabeth heard Mommy say something again about "that terrible creature at large." Then the door was closed. Vaguely Elizabeth thought of the picture in Miss Penney's hall. But her attention was on the far side of Cyril's front garden. Over a high board fence showed the thin branch of a shrub. It was entirely coated with ice. The sun caught it, and the twig glistened as if made of glass.

Delighted, Elizabeth ran to look closer. She went around the end of the fence and stood staring. Her stomach got tight; she drew her mittened hands slowly upward and clenched them against her face. Her cheeks were tight, too.

On the other side of the fence the land sloped sharply down to what must in summer have been a swamp full of bush. But now, it was a low fairytale forest made out of glass. For every bough and branch and twig, every noddle and joint and bend, were smoothly, perfectly encased in ice. The bright cold sun caught every limb and sparkled it with millions of brilliants, millions of sapphires, millions of enormous diamonds.

The whole bush, from where Elizabeth stood to its end a quarter of a mile away, gleamed and glistened with pale prism lights, and sharp white lights that shot into her eyes and penetrated down into her stomach and on down to her toes. Her throat, almost on its own, made noises of delight and wonder.

There was a footpath, leading down into the swamp. It was snowy, but the snow had been tramped down and had a hard glazed crust. Elizabeth followed it in among the glittering bushes, entranced.

Over her head was a network of ice, a filigree of glass, a basketing of pure crystal. The sky was the bright hard blue of a clear winter day, near zero; against the sky the pattern of brittle light was so beautiful to Elizabeth that she was almost in pain.

Staring upward, she moved on along the footpath. There was a network of paths, made in summer by children, dogs or lovers; hardly noticing when the paths forked, Elizabeth went further and further into the bush, dazzled, almost

dazed. Hardly knowing it, she began to dance, her overshoes going pat pat on the glazed snow.

The whole world was made of the clearest purest glass; shining and sparkling; bright and beautiful. She wanted to dance on and on through it and never never stop. Her ecstasy broke out into a wordless song.

Then suddenly the bright glass world splintered. Straight in front of her was a man.

For a moment Elizabeth thought it was the man from the portrait in Miss Penney's hall. His pale eyes seemed to bulge and glow as he watched her. Her dance faltered to a stumble and stopped.

The man stepped forward. "Well," he said, his voice was soft, "you're a cute little girl! That was a cute dance you were doing."

Elizabeth said nothing. He came closer.

"You really are a cute little girl," he repeated. "Do you live around here?"

Elizabeth said nothing.

"Now," he said, his pale eyes on her, "don't look so scared! I like little girls like you. I give them candy. I think I've got some in my pocket right now—"

Still Elizabeth said nothing.

"What's the matter?" he said. He put out his hand and touched her shoulder.

Elizabeth gave a terrible scream. She turned, slipping on the glazed path, and started to run.

He called after her, "What's wrong? I won't hurt you! Come back here!" Then he began to run after her. Or did he? She didn't really know but she screamed again.

Her clumsy overshoes skidded. With a hard crash, she fell on her knees. She stumbled up, one stocking torn and blood coming from the graze, and rushed on. She came to a place where three paths met. Terrified, she hesitated, dashed to the left, then back to the right. Sweat and tears began to blur her eyes.

The silent, ice-cold bushes hemmed her in. Their cold made a hard lump in her stomach, struck into her bones although she was sweating. The dead, glass-covered twigs were hard and sharp; they barred her way, they caught at her with brittle claws. Their deadness and strangeness became part of her terror.

The path forked again, but Elizabeth was too blinded to see it in time. She plunged forward into the bush, fell down through the sharp, icy branches which broke under her, frozen snags ripping at her cheeks and hands.

She lay there, numbed with shock and fright, her eyes closed. Then she seemed to hear heavy feet rushing toward her. She staggered up, lurched through the glassy spikes of the broken bushes, stumbled on again, slipping with every step on the treacherous glazed snow.

The bushes crowded in closer and closer, she could hardly struggle through them. They towered over her, in their heavy casings; a dead weight of ice they seemed ready to fall and crush her like the nameless things she knew in nightmares.

With a last shaking effort she thrust through them—and suddenly came out of the bush and on to the road. For a moment she could not realize it and stood quite still. Then she began a weak trot up the road, past the path where she had entered the bush, past Bobby and Beryl who stopped tobogganing to stare at her, up the strange steps, through the strange door, into the strange living-room where Mommy and Mary stopped talking to stare at her.

"Elizabeth!" Mommy shrieked, "Elizabeth! What happened?"

"Good heavens, child," said Mary, "did my brats run over you?"

But Elizabeth could not tell them. She knew she could never tell them. She gazed at them both and through her sobs all she could say, over and over, was, "I'm so cold! I'm so cold, so cold!"

Film Review

D. Mosdell

▶ SINCE THIS HAS BEEN A FAIRLY DULL month for new movies, let's drop the pursuit of current and choice for once in a way, and try to get down to a few celluloid tacks. If it's true—and the statisticians swear that it is—that 60 per cent of the population of the United States attend the movies at least once a week, it should be interesting to consider this double-barrelled question. Why do these millions go to the movies? And what do the movies do for the millions?

Psychologists, sociologists, educationalists and historians agree that the movies are the bread and circuses of the twentieth century. We go to the moon pitchers Saturday night to relax, to be amused, and to escape the mechanized familiarity of our daily lives. Some people are inclined to add, with Pascal, that "the whole trouble of people comes from one thing: the inability to live contentedly and at peace in one room."

Suppose we go to the movies to escape. What is the world we escape into like? How does it differ from the world we left at home, ten minutes and three blocks away? Physically, it's a bigger world. Korea in the newsreels is no longer a remote spot on a map; it's a place to be seen, people to be heard, and guns to cancel out the people. Or perhaps we see Robert Flaherty's latest film, *Louisiana Story*. We learn then how beautiful a swamp can be, not through camera tricks, but through Flaherty's inspired selection of detail, a selection which our lazy eyes fail to make. A stone, a leaf, a door: these the camera illuminates, perhaps from a new angle; and our own perception is quickened, stimulated. Sometimes it's done quite casually, in the course of telling some run-of-the-mill story. A crime picture like *The Asphalt Jungle*, which incidentally has other merits as well, will show us how city lights look, gleaming back from wet pavement. Or it may be done on purpose, as when Flaherty teaches us the sleek beauty of machines. Either way, the movies have at least one great virtue: they dramatize and give significance to the details of the world we live in—details which through custom or inattention we've stopped looking at.

Materially, it's a more prosperous world. The poorest movie home has a frigidaire and a car. In *Mildred Pierce* Joan Crawford struggles along trying to make ends meet in a \$10,000 hovel, and her housedresses are designed by Adrian. In *Father of the Bride* Spencer Tracy, who describes himself as an ordinary man, spends \$1,500 on his daughter's wedding. By now we're used to that kind of discrepancy, and usually we enjoy the plushy prospect before us; even if it isn't real, we wish it were. And anyhow, what we are intended to see as real, and approve as right, is Joan Crawford's tremendous energy and determination to better herself, and Spencer Tracy's virtues and contentment as a family man and an affectionate father. But the discrepancy between the movies and life as we ordinarily see it at least partly accounts for the enthusiasm we show for English films, where genuinely working-class background is used as a matter of course for a picture about working-class people: *Love on the Dole*, for instance, or *The History of Mr. Polly*. We notice with grateful astonishment that

English stars have no objection to being deglamorized so far that a shop-girl heroine is actually recognizable as such. And, of course, the physical realism of Italian pictures like *Shoeshine* or *The Bicycle Thief* seems practically miraculous.

It's when we come to the mental attitudes and moral outlook of American movies in general that we throw up our hands. Hollywood's greatest crime lies in oversimplifying human situations, and in reducing the infinite variety of human beings to a few stock types, who haven't even the dignity or stature of puppets in a morality play. The trouble with gangster pictures and their successors the spy films like *The Iron Curtain* and *The Red Danube* is not that they approve violence as an individual and national weapon (which they do, of course), but that the good guys and the good nations are so hopelessly good, and the bad guys and bad nations so impossibly bad. It is probably more than merely coincidental that in the real world outside the movie houses it is now as much as a good job is worth to suggest that there might be something good about those mad Russians and their way of life, or that in political matters a man's good faith should be taken for granted until he can actually be proved to be a traitor.

But perhaps we do progress a little. Take the American political scene. A few years back, Mr. Deeds was the ideal American—clear-eyed, bone-headed, honesty and good intentions his only qualifications for political life. Contrast



SEATED FIGURE—Murray Bonaparte

with that *All the King's Men*, which is certainly on a higher level of reality, but still painfully oversimplified, and every character with the exception of Willie Stark crushed into the appropriate mold labelled Virtue or Vice.

However, it's in the wide field of personal relationships, particularly between men and women, that the most rigid patterns and the most superficial attitudes are maintained. Hamstrung as they are in Hollywood by the Johnson office and militant pressure groups like the Legion of Decency, it's not surprising that they never produce a picture like *Devil in the Flesh*, which is a mature and far from cynical treatment of an affair between an adolescent boy and an older woman. But they've never produced anything like Carol Reed's *The Fallen Idol* either, because there is a set pattern for movie children as well as adults, and nobody in Hollywood has the gumption or the imagination to step out of line.

I say the intelligent citizen dislikes these ready-made patterns; but does he? A year ago J. P. Meyer surveyed public opinion on the movies in England, asking people what they thought of movies in general, and whether they thought their own standards had been shaped or altered by them. From the answers, published in a book called *The Sociology of Film*, it is clear that movie audiences and the movies that are made for them are by now interlocked in a vicious circle. For instance, here are a couple of letters from quite intelligent, if rather limited, film fans. A twenty-five year old factory girl writes:

"I still talk to myself sometimes, and films have undoubtedly influenced me because I always talk to myself in an American accent, and think that way, too. And murder mysteries have made me more cautious at home. When I am alone in the house I always sit facing a door or a mirror with some weapon at hand like a poker. When entering a room I always automatically push the door back as far as it will go, in case someone is lurking there to surprise me."

Here's a rather more cheerful note from a private secretary:

"I love the beauty and smartness of movie-stars' clothes, and have developed a passion for fine shoes from seeing the American styles on the screen. But I can't say that films have made me more receptive to love-making or anything like that. I never really believed that film heroes were much like real men, and my experience of men, which is adequate, has reinforced this impression."

The note of wistfulness in the secretary's voice is converted into a working philosophy by a young air-force officer, now twenty-eight, who writes:

"Films taught me all I should like to associate with life. Crime does not pay; love thy neighbor; the mild honest man triumphing over the immoral, unscrupulous one; in fact, all the ideals which we would all like to see in action. It is oft remarked that the films should be more like life. But I maintain that life should be more like the films. I try to live my life as the films would have us believe is right, and they have helped me get a great deal out of life, though it is sometimes tough going."

Well, there you are. That's what the general public thinks. If you were making movies, and had to make them pay, what kind of movies would you make?

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

Recordings Milton Wilson

► THE STUYVESANT QUARTET has recorded Hindemith's *String Quartet No. 1* (1919) on a single 10-inch LP released by Philharmonia. The work is an early one, by a 24-year-old composer who had not as yet worked out his own individual idiom, but it is none the less engaging for that. Wise after the event, one can see here many of the qualities of the later Hindemith in embryo and only partly concealed by the thick, lush harmonies which he was to weed out before long. The work communicates the bounding energy, technical fluency, and sheer inventiveness which give him such an eminent place on the contemporary musical scene. At the same time, neither the bitter, harsh Hindemith nor (even more important) the mediaeval Hindemith are much in evidence, and the work's uneasy mixture of styles prevents it from being finally satisfying. The performance is firm and rich, and the recording excellent.

The average small company producing LP records (Allegro, Vox, Philharmonia, Cetra-Soria, Lyricord, etc.) does not try to compete with Victor, Columbia, and Decca by giving us yet another recording of the *Pathétique*, the *Emperor*, the *Jupiter*, the *New World*, this time by a relatively inferior orchestra and unknown conductor; instead it concentrates (to the advantage of the more unconventional record collector) on lesser known works which the big companies rarely handle. As a result we get such modern works as Schonberg's *Quartets* on Alco and Hindemith's *Das Marienleben* on Lyricord or older unplayed music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A company like Remington, however, which charges half the price of Victor and Columbia, is able to compete with them, even if its recordings of the popular symphonies and concertos lack a Toscanini or a Beecham as a drawing card. I reviewed Remington's recording of the *Emperor Concerto* a couple of months ago and recently have played over one of Dvorak's *New World Symphony* by the Viennese Symphonic Society under George Singer. The performance is vigorous rather than subtle and hardly does justice to some of the work (notably the slow movement). At the same time the vigor is real enough, and the recording, while not rich, is effective, with a clear treble and well-defined bass. The surfaces are somewhat coarse and noisy.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► AFTER KINDLY LISTING the Toronto branches where certain of T. S. Eliot's books could be found, a librarian here advised me to "try Riverdale first, because that class of people are not readers of Eliot." T. S. Eliot is fashionable at the moment. Pound is impounded as a psychotic. Dylan Thomas is, or was at last report, doing the grand tour of the American campuses with impunity. And Robert Penn Warren is a big name in movies. The fashionableness of Eliot, therefore, is impertinent, like his unfashionableness two decades ago. But it does make the publication of the *Selected Essays** a commercial rather than a literary venture. The selection is surely dictated by what is at present out of print, rather than by what the author would cull as best representing him. Moreover the book is carelessly prepared. "Thoughts after Lambeth" straggles beyond even the bounds of acceptable journalism. The word ordonnance appears sometime as an English word, sometime

* SELECTED ESSAYS (new edition): T. S. Eliot; McLeod; pp. 460; \$6.00.

italized, and the word Youth both inside and outside quotes—bad either way. There are proofreading slips and there is one flagrant error in syntax. One can only regret that the condition of publishing today permits a product particularly out of keeping with as scrupulous a bookman as T. S. Eliot. Yet since he consented to this publication, he cannot have wished to suppress any of the material in it, and therefore a partial judgment in his favor would be unjust too.

Eliot's prose is not easy reading. His enthusiasms, where he betrays them, are not infectious, and his topics are not popular. But the critical essays do perform one tremendous service in reminding the reader that to penetrate to the essential worth of many writers is a chore, and that the final discovery makes the labor itself a kind of pleasure. His dislike of the popular substituting of a cosy or sentimental familiarity with a writer's affairs for an assessing of his work is also bracing. And nobody can look into Eliot without experiencing a delight at how impossible it is to fit him into any category, not excepting those he set up himself. The temptation is strong, in fact, to become so bemused by the person that one commits those very discourtesies which Eliot deplored in criticism. But if it is not fair to wonder what private explanations there may be for his inconsistencies, it is permissible, and unavoidable, to note that at times a false logic, an evasiveness, characterizes this exponent of orderliness and clear thinking, and that when Eliot offends at one point it is against a good taste which he most unerringly established at another. Moreover, if you try to make a graph of these variations, you find that you cannot draw any gradual chronological decline: the testy little essay on Blake, for example, was written sixteen years before the rewarding "In Memoriam."

The unevenness is apparent in the prose style, too. How is it possible that a man who could write like this:

"... after the Machiavelli Shakespeare, a stoical or Senecan Shakespeare is almost certain to be produced. I wish merely to disinfest the Senecan Shakespeare before he appears..."

could also call the acting as against the writing of plays "not what is produced, but the producing to be produced"? Some of the phrases are as pure as his best poetry: "much of Swinburne's verse has the effect of repeated doses of gin and water"; "Cyril Tournier... the singular poet with the delightful name." Is it an accident, then, when Eliot refers to James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence as "these two extremely serious and improving writers"? Perhaps it is a new way of playing semantics: if every word is invisibly loaded, choose the one with the most noxious load on and confound the unwary. Such an imputation is the readier because one feels nervously aware of Eliot's disapproval while reading him. Some readers respond by taking on protective coloring, enforcing all they have read with a loud yea. Others suffer from a sense of guilt that is no less uneasy when they are in agreement with the text of the moment, and consequently must struggle to avoid truculence.

In *After strange gods* Eliot wrote: "In our time, controversy seems to me, in really fundamental matters, to be futile... the only thing possible for a person with strong convictions is to state a point of view and leave it at that." The same sense of severance is apparent where he states that only by a total identification with Chinese ways of feeling and living is an understanding of Confucius possible. The finality, not the salutary caution, is the sterile factor here. For unless one adopts a very coarse measuring-stick, one can with equal justice state that since no individual can ever know what it is like to be any other, he can never there-

Operation Pipeline

In canvas waterproofs and woolly shirts,
Their faces pinched with early morning chill
And breath plumed out in steaming spurts,
They trailed each other up the hill.
They built a pipeline for the landing field,
And moving mountains happened every day;
At least a part of mountains had to go
In shivering slides of broken rock and clay.
They walked head down, conserving words and breath,
To where the half-track waited, fuel tanks filled,
A steel monstrosity that tore things down,
That other men might come behind and build.
A small, dramatic moment in their ears,
The starting motor whined—a series sound
Of angry syllables and irritated vowels,
The usual minor thunder in which the wind was drowned.
But not... the metal throat was silent here
Among the larger silences of mountain air,
Composed and stolid in the frozen mud,
Containing secret thoughts it would not share.
The men swung arms for warmth, and cursed the cold
And things in general—not omitting war;
While "it" became a "she" with female attributes
Tacked on that "she" had not possessed before.
A blow torch bathed the vital parts with flame.
The crew discussed a diesel's stubborn soul,
A sergeant at command had similar faults,
Except the man was never known to dig a hole.
The farmer down below had made a tidy sum
From selling worthless land to build this field,
(A patriot in the best and finest sense)
A worm's-eye view of mountains best concealed.
This place will be a desert at the end,
And grass grow up the runways, stone will crack,
And at a fraction of the price he sold
Our patriot can buy his precious acres back.
The conversation ebbed, the sun was high,
And private thoughts resumed of clean white sheets,
And wives to share the company of dreams,
And girls to shoulder close on city streets.
The background music for unlovely things,
The drugstore pause, the window shopping tour;
To take the different incidents of life apart,
And spend their time assembling dreams—for dreams are
sure.
The diesel groaned, and thunder mocked their thoughts.
The smokes were stubbed, and men were left alone.
An N.C.O. appeared, the driver came
And climbed in that tall seat so like a throne.
And shattering echoes bruised the sides of hills,
For mountain moving was the order of the day,
To rearrange the silhouettes of stones,
Till men had drunk their fill—and gone away.

Alfred W. Purdy.

Philander

Narcotic love (a cigarette
Which, burning, deadens its own fire)
Discards all memory of a smoking past
With the butt-ending of desire.
But anywhere at any time
Each new combustible when met
Will scratch again the match-box heart
To light another cigarette.

Fred Cogswell.

fore understand anyone nor make any real communication. Though Eliot does not make this extension he senses it and writes with an awareness of the gulf that keeps thrusting the receptive reader back to his own beachhead. Other dangers in so justifying flat statements are even more serious. Only a contempt for the rules of logic and of prose could permit Eliot to dismiss a proposal for the reunion of the Church of England with the Free Churches on these grounds: "... for any fruit of this harvest would be unripe and bitter fruit, untimely plucked." (He leaves it at that.) The same impatience with exposition leads to such ugly and meaningless verbiage as this: "There could hardly be a greater difference than that between the situation during the first half of the seventeenth century and the situation today. Yet the differences are such as to make the work of Bramhall the more pertinent to our problems. For they are differences in relation to fundamental unity of thought between Bramhall, and what he represents, and ourselves." The self-criticism essential to good writing, which Eliot was the first to emphasize, is cut off completely by his dictum about convictions. It is bewildering to find him republishing, twenty years after its unfortunate appearance, his painfully naked rejection of an unfavorable review in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Remembering his peculiar power and clarity elsewhere, one is forced to conclude that such pieces as "Lambeth" and "Religion and Literature" were written for the Anglo-Catholic Sunday-school papers, and are now reprinted by inadvertence. Eliot has proved that he knows the solitary "I" of the imagination, and no less the difficult "we" of religious experience, and therefore he must simply have been writing out of some nightmare here: "... conscious of the gulf fixed between ourselves and the greater part of contemporary literature, we [who believe] are more or less protected from being harmed by it, and are in a position to extract from it what good it has to offer us."

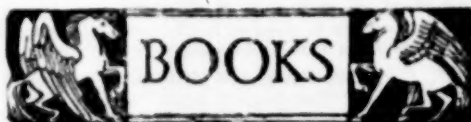
But on two counts Eliot's dogmatism is truly damaging. First, he dwarfs and desiccates his opponents, robs them of their proper stature, and thus incidentally misrepresents the point of view he would set in opposition to theirs. Even a judicious review, which Eliot does not supply, could scarcely excuse his dubbing Hobbes "one of those extraordinary little upstarts ... tossed into an eminence which they hardly deserved and have never lost." Or this: if religion should disappear "many composers would be thrown out of work; the audiences of our best-selling scientists would shrink to almost nothing; and the typewriters of the Huxley Brothers would cease from tapping." Nothing is gained in support of Andrewes' prose by offering in contrast our rankest newspaper columnists and popular psychologists while an Unamuno or a Chestov or an Orwell are crowded off the field. It is not that attack, even unreasonable or irresponsible attack, is in itself a fault. But there is something nasty about picking on somebody whom you have deliberately made smaller than yourself. Ezra Pound exceeds Eliot in the virulence of his attacks, but his very outrageousness makes a spirited, half-courteous business of it, and one's final feeling is that he privately delights in the uniqueness of every man, even the man he has just lambasted. But with Eliot, the feeling is rather that he is irritated by other people's otherness. We remember Lil when her husband got demobbed. We remember Eliot's definition of wit ("it involves, probably, a recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, of other kinds of experience which are possible"). And once more, out of his own mouth, he reproves his own lapses.

The second charge against Eliot's dogmatism is less specific, and perhaps more serious. In his essay on the "Function of Criticism" he posits an absolute of aesthetic value which both artist and critic do well to seek. In another

passage he admits that we have to "find things out for ourselves," but regrets that necessity; "if it were not so, the statement of Dante would, at least for poets, have done once for all." And again: "The artist ... wishes only to avoid saying what has already been said as well as it can be." The implication is that every artist is ideally bringing the same kind of brick, and his job is to see that he places his usefully in the Building. Such an implication by no means constricts Eliot's judgment of particular poets—though he works off and on at these schema, he escapes himself on and off, and unfailingly if good poetry is under his eye. But his generalizations may be taken more seriously by others who have not his rebellious poetic awareness. And the theory gives rise to dispiriting vapors. The unpredictability of human beings is one of the few cheerful and still defensible tenets; and strangely, as one believes in it, the belief is borne out. Eliot has written that "nothing could be much drearier ... than the vague hymn-singing pietism which seems to have consoled the miseries of Lawrence's mother ...". Offhand, I might have agreed with this. But, unpredictably and gloriously, Jack Clemons's *Confession of a rebel* has made the statement silly.

And Eliot himself remains unpredictable too. On several occasions he has indicated the unpleasantness of being forced to write from economic necessity: Perhaps the body of his work could best be sorted out according to the level of intensity of the various pieces, and it might be found that the prose written under the strongest inner compulsion properly complements the Eliot of those early poems which opened a new world to many of us. *Arx brevis, vita longa*.

M. AVISON.



A HISTORY OF CANADIAN EXTERNAL RELATIONS: G. P. deT. Glazebrook; Oxford; pp. vii, 449; \$4.00.

It is appropriate that a historical survey of Canada's external policy should appear at this time. Whatever the errors or shortcomings in that policy in the past, they were accompanied (and no doubt influenced) by a lamentable ignorance of foreign problems on the part of the Canadian public, to say nothing of Canadian legislators. Public understanding of the more ambitious rôle now being played by Canada as a "middle" power will be furthered by the appearance of such studies as Mr. Glazebrook's.

His volume is really two books. The first comprises his *External Relations to 1914*, reprinted without change. Before 1919, in his view, there was no Canadian foreign policy in the accepted sense, although there were important relations with foreign states as well as designs for the conduct of foreign relations. In both, Canada's proximity to the United States and her membership in the British Empire played a dominant part. Governmental machinery for the conduct of foreign relations was evolved "partly by a process of trial and error, and as events showed the anachronisms in what already existed." Canada was not deliberately excluded from Imperial Councils: "But consultation, as successive Canadian governments had seen, involved responsibility; and they preferred to forgo the one in order to avoid the other." The result was that in 1914, as in 1939, Canada was committed to the results of a policy to whose development she had not contributed.

The wide difference between Canada's position in 1914 and in 1939 is the theme of the second book. On the outbreak of the First World War, Canada was in the last phase of colonial status. By the end of the second, "Canadian foreign policy had developed, almost imperceptibly, from nearly nothing to a solid and mature position." Mr. Glazebrook rejects the generalization that there was no Canadian foreign policy between the wars; on the contrary, he sees a policy which was "basically clear and consistent." He shows that at first Canada was preoccupied with the constitutional question; then anxious to avoid commitments; and finally, retaining the policy of the comparatively placid, pre-Manchurian days in the years when security was threatened by unilateral action in defiance of treaties. By entering the Second World War Canada once more displaced the Laurier policy of no commitments by accepting the greatest of all commitments. This raised in the ensuing years, as never in the period after 1919, the question "of the wisdom of paying heavy premiums on insurance against war," a premium which the Canadian Government is pledging at Lake Success, and in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and for which the Canadian people are being asked to pay in taxes and service.

Mr. Glazebrook writes with competence and authority. He is critical, and sometimes sharply so, of the shortcomings in Canadian policy. He relates that policy to the Canadian background; he explains, but he does not defend. His book merits wide reading. Because of its balanced presentation, readers will view with indulgence such obvious signs of haste as the frequent repetition; they will only regret that the same cause evidently led to limiting discussion of the development of Canadian foreign policy to one third of the volume.

Robert A. Spencer.

AT MY HEART'S CORE: Robertson Davies; Clarke, Irwin, pp. 91; paper \$1.50, cloth \$2.00.

Robertson Davies' most accomplished play, to date, is as far as we know the only Canadian play to be published during the past year and so constitutes our entire output of dramatic literature for 1950. In spite of a special plea made by the author in the preface, this play has been published to be read by the many who may never see it acted, and must therefore be reviewed as read. It reads very smoothly, amusingly, and entertainingly for the most part, and, except where it is necessary to the plot, is free of the self-conscious Canadianism which mars most reconstructions of the pioneer period.

Mr. Davies has in fact succeeded where others have failed, in bringing the taintypes to life while dissipating the plaster-saint atmosphere. His great success is with his comedians. "Phelia," a backwoods Irishman, is a worthy successor to "Pop" and "Buckety" (two other such memorable characters from earlier plays), and the girl "Honour" of the doubtful relationships is a sheer joy. The first act rises to a height of well-sustained comedy. In the second, in which the serious theme is developed, Mr. Davies has created a woman character, in the person of Frances Stewart, who is really alive and believable. But he is still having trouble with his women, as witness Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie, who in spite of the male heart-balm of the solution to their problem are the play's weakness, both in their relation to Cantwell the tormentor, and in their dialogue, they are repetitious and the reader will have difficulty distinguishing between these two distinguished ladies at times. Obviously, casting will overcome this difficulty in the acting, but the reader can decide whether or not this is what the author refers to as "a truly dramatic fault" (see preface). The

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three male characters, on the other hand, present a fine range and variety.

At My Heart's Core is a splendid example of what can be done with historical material of this nature when the writer is not inhibited by sanctimonious ancestor worship. Its comedy is of a high order, its serious theme perhaps a little overworked, its conclusion both graceful and charming.

H. T. K.

THE YOUNG SHELLEY: Kenneth Neill Cameron; Macmillan; pp. 437; \$7.50.

Mr. Cameron's account of Shelley's career up to the spring of 1814 is for the student rather than the general reader, and concerns itself primarily with solving knotty biographical problems and establishing the relationship between Shelley's early writing and his intellectual milieu. Among biographical matters, most interesting is his detailed examination of the events leading up to Shelley's first marriage and of the attempted assassination at Tanyralit. Cameron differs here from White and most recent biographers, but makes a good case for his conclusions.

The analysis of Shelley's radical political and religious environment, both in books and society, is much the best I have come across and illuminates excitingly the Irish pamphlets, the vegetarian pamphlets and the most finished work of his juvenile period, *A Refutation of Deism*. However, the emphasis on radical thought, and the attempt to present Shelley as a social thinker "of considerable profundity," causes the author to underplay many aspects of his philosophical and artistic development. In the *Address to the Irish People*, for example, the injunctions to individual reform are explained by Cameron as "concessions to Godwin . . . and . . . to an underestimation of the political comprehension" of the Irish Catholics; and thus an important side of Shelley's thinking, illustrated in a later remark like "Government is, in fact, the mere badge of their [men's] depravity" and in the presentation of Prometheus' regeneration, is passed over casually. Shelley's early ideas on psychology, the theory of knowledge and education are also slighted. More important perhaps is the neglect of Shelley's artistic development and its juvenile culmination in *Queen Mab*. However, all books are limited, and there is no doubt that Cameron's concentration on the radical Shelley corresponds to Shelley's own concentration in the early period.

M.W.

FACE OF A HERO: Louis Falstein; George J. McLeod (Harcourt, Brace); pp. 312; \$3.75.

Face of a Hero is the story of a Jewish American, enlisted in the American Army, serving in the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy, and from there flying in B24's to most of the principal targets in Europe. Its details should (in fact, must) be authentic, for by a fortunate coincidence Mr. Falstein served with that very force.

I don't think I'd quite go along with the jacket blurb writer in his statement that "this book introduces an already mature talent," but, if you are interested in what a sergeant air-gunner of thirty-five and his crew-mates did and felt and thought about in Italy, you can get it here. And if you want to be thrilled and frightened, if you would be, vicariously, flying bombing missions over the tough targets of Munich, Ploesti, and Vienna, or on the milk runs to Turno, Severin and Zagreb, that's in the book too.

As one reads *Face of a Hero* one wonders why *The Naked and the Dead* was ever banned in this country. If it was right to ban that, then this should be banned too, for *Face of a Hero* is an extremely outspoken book—far more so than Norman Mailer's work. But surely, if it be right for

men and women to go to war, then it is right for other men and women to know exactly how they felt and thought and spoke. On that basis both these books should be allowed the freest possible circulation.

A.S.

LOCAL COLOR: Truman Capote; Random House; pp. 92; illus.; \$4.50.

This is a collection of travel notes and sketches from the following areas: New Orleans, New York, Brooklyn, Hollywood, Haiti, Italy, North Africa, and Spain, accompanied by photographs by nine distinguished photographers—a handsome book; typographically, an impressive one.

The chapter on Brooklyn is the most rewarding essay in the book; the chapter on Hollywood the least, because the most perfunctory and easy. The chapter on New York, so personal, so subtly patronizing, so amusingly self-confident in tone, gives us the key to the whole. *Local Color* was clearly published on the strength of Capote's novels and short stories, to cash in on his established reputation; in other words, as additional material from an author we already know and respect. Lively and acute as they are, it is certainly doubtful whether these slight and delicately subjective vignettes would have found their way so surely to the plush-lined halls of Random House if they had been the independent product of an unknown author. Nothing succeeds like success.

D.H.M.

FOOTBALL STARS TODAY AND YESTERDAY: Ron McAllister; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 119; \$1.50.

As the introduction to this volume notes, there has been almost nothing written in book form of Canadian football or the men who have played it. The author has selected for preservation the athletic careers of sixteen Canadian foot-

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ballers, four of them American, and through their exploits aimed to give "a factual but nevertheless glamorous history." Only one of these objectives has been realized, since biographical material is at a minimum and technical analysis of the game itself is non-existent.

Instead, the sixteen men concerned never become real persons, but melt into the idealized form of the North American athletic hero. They all perform miraculous feats of skill, undisturbed by any of the grosser motivations, and by implication are intended to be objects of veneration for reverent generations to come.

Mr. McAllister seems in a fair way to becoming a prolific propagator of the sports myth; quite recently he has written a similar book on hockey.

S. F. Wise.

THE PLOUFFE FAMILY: Roger Lemelin, translated by Mary Finch; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 373; \$3.50.

When he followed up *The Town Below* with *The Plouffe Family*, Roger Lemelin established himself as the foremost interpreter of French-Canadian life today. This second novel gives us a realistic portrait gallery of a working-class family in the Lower Town of Quebec. The family can hardly be called typical: it consists of father, mother, and four unmarried children: three sons aged nineteen, thirty, and thirty-two, and a daughter of forty. Each member of it is individual to the point of peculiarity, and the portraits are drawn in sharply satirical lines.

As the story covers the two years from 1938 to 1940, Lemelin has an ideal opportunity to depict the reactions of the French-Canadian community to the approach and outbreak of war. We have heard much about the clerical influence and the nationalist feelings in Quebec, but perhaps for the first time they are here pictured as influences to be described and understood rather than as forces to be admired or deplored.

To English Canadians, *The Plouffe Family* is most important as a vivid and honest picture of French Canada. As a novel it is less satisfactory. The effect is handicapped considerably by the translation: speeches which probably sounded natural in the idiomatic French seem rather strained and artificial in English slang. The form is episodic, more like a series of sketches from life than an interpretative portrait. The characterization is erratic: on the whole the main figures are a little too close to caricatures to be convincing, but sometimes they take on life. They are best when they display the rapid fluctuations of mood or opinion that so often occur in real life but so seldom in fiction. However, Lemelin seems to shift between the two extremes of ridicule and sympathy, and although human beings may be both ridiculous and pitiful, it takes greater art than is displayed here to make both aspects equally convincing. Thus we must conclude that Lemelin is not yet a first-rate novelist, but it seems likely that he will become one in the future.

Edith Fowke.

ON THE WISDOM OF AMERICA: Lin Yutang; Longmans, Green; pp. 462; \$6.25.

A tedious excursion through American writing from pre-revolutionary times to the present. Almost half the book is comment by Lin Yutang. Unfortunately what he has to say about the writers is far less interesting than what they have to say themselves.

P.M.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

THEODORE BURANG, of Austria, is a widely published author who has travelled in Tibet and exchanges letters with leading Tibetans in their own language . . . JOHN S. MORGAN is associate professor of social work at the School of Social Work, University of Toronto . . . J. C. WILSON writes: "In a moment of faculty weakness I was graduated from the U. of T. in 1949. Evading the issue of employment I retired to the U. of Chicago in 1950. Am presently more or less occupied in completing a thesis." . . . JOHN A. IRVING is professor of ethics and social philosophy at Victoria College, University of Toronto . . . ANNE MARRIOTT is a radio writer and author of several books of poetry.

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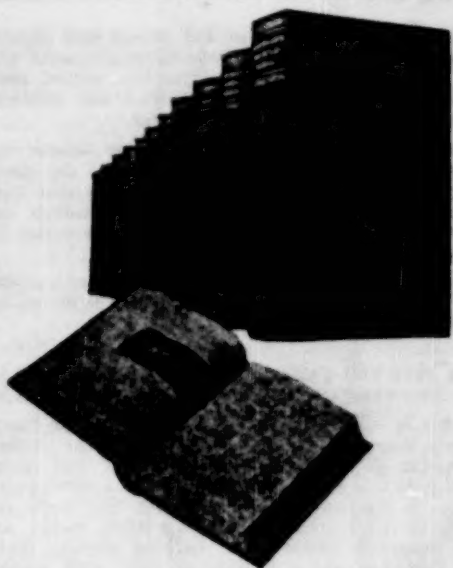
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